



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE MAGIC SIEVE
A PLAY IN TWO SCENES
BY JOHN HAMILTON
WITH AN IRISH VERSION

AN ROILLEÁN DRÁIOIDEACHTA
PÁDRAIC Ó MÁILLE A CUIR SAEÓILGE AIR

MAUNSEL & CO., LIMITED
96 MID. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN

1908

All Rights Reserved

203

THE MAGIC SIEVE
A PLAY IN TWO SCENES
BY JOHN HAMILTON
WITH AN IRISH VERSION

AN ROILLEÁN DRADÓIDEACHTA
PÁDRAIC Ó MÁILLE A CUIR SAEÓILGE AIR

MAUNSEL & CO., LIMITED
96 MID. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN

1908

All Rights Reserved

Celt 2221.7.30

✓



6. 2. 2. 5. 2.

Όο μο έομ-όαίταϊδ ι γςραοϊδ έυαμα
οε έοηηιαό να γαεόιζε. Ιε ειοη
Αγυρ μεαρ μόρ ο'η υξοαρ.



"St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora."

AN ROILLEÁN DRAOIÐEACTA.

DRAMA 1 DÁ n-AMARC.

An Céad Amarc. Am—Trátnóna Oíche Sáimna; an
ghrian ag dul faoi rgháil na g-cnoc, agus an oíche ag tuitim.

[Tagann Mícheál ó Plannagáin agus Tomár ó Ceallais
irteac.]

Mícheál. Mar bí mé ag rá ó leat nuair a bí mé ag dul trearna
an rtaighre annsin amuis, ní do gac uile thúine a tiubhrainn nóra.
féad annreo, a Tomár, ní ar-úct mé féin dá rá ó é, tá nóra in-a
cailín com bheag, agus com datamail a'r gheobrá in do fhuail lae,
agus nil call dom a rá ó do fhuair sí rghoil, agus fógluim, com
maí le h-aon dean ós ra tír.

Tomár. Tá fíor agam rin, áct céad a tiubhrar tú dom léite.
Tá teac veap téagarna agam, agus gabaltar maí talman, a dhuil
veic n-acra ann. Ir fíu cuio maí an méro rin, nuair atá fear
in-a cionn atá inoan aise a éadairt ó.

Mícheál. Ara, a thúine, ná bí ag caint. Ir maí uait tú féin,
agus gac a dhuil agat a molaó, áct ir beag ir fíu veic n-acra
talman. Veic n-acra in ead. Cia'n maí atá leir na veic
n-acraib, mur mbéad mu eicint agat le cur oíta.

Tomár [go feargac]. Agus cia vudairt nac raib mu agam-ra
le cur oíta. Dá mbéad fíor agam cia vudairt é, bainfínn
veatac ar.

Mícheál. Glac tú féin go méro a mic ó. Níor éar go mbéad
ré com h-éargaró rin, fearg a cur oí. Níor vudairt thúine
ar bí nac raib eallac agat le cur ar do cuio talman. Ní raib
mé áct ag véanaim gínn mar rin. Áct anoir ó tárla rin ag
caint faoi, cia méad atá agat?

Tomár. Anoir cia'n éadairt thú caint a bain aram, agus fíor
agat céad atá agam com maí liom féin. Tá fíor agat go
maí go dhuil bó bainne, agus buóg, agus ré cinn ve éadairt,

THE MAGIC SIEVE

A PLAY IN TWO SCENES.

[Founded on an old custom in Irish country districts, by which, on November Eve, unmarried people sought to learn the names of their future spouses. The incantation of the old days has been in many places softened down, and it is the present wording that is used in this little play.]

SCENE I.—*Time: November Eve. Shades of night falling on the fields. Sun just sinking beyond the horizon. Enter FLANAGAN and KELLY.*

FLANAGAN. As I was sayin' whin we were crossin' the stile there it isn't everywan that I'd give Nora to. Ye see, Tom, though it's meesel' as says it, Nora is as fine an' comely a colleen as ye'd get in the parish, an' she had a fair share o' schoolin', too, I need hardly tell ye.

KELLY. But what'll ye be givin' with her? I have a nice, comfortable house an' a good farm o' tin acres. That isn't to be sneezed at, ye know.

FLANAGAN. Arrah, man, what are ye talkin' about? Tin acres! Tin acres, inyah. What's the good o' tin acres if ye haven't anything to put on thim.

KELLY [*quickly*]. An' who said I hadn't anything to put on thim? If I knew who it was I'd——

FLANAGAN. Oh, take yersel' aisy, Tom. Don't get into a fluster for nothin'. Nobody said ye hadn't any stock. I was only makin' a remark, like. How much have ye, now, as we're talkin' about it?

KELLY. Sure, ye know well what I have, but ye must be talkin'.

asur aral, agus in-a deannra rin, glac bheas gáda, agus lacan, agus ceapca.

Míceál [as gáine]. m' anam maire is gnóir an buacail tú, agus a beir as fáil le rphé, agus gan asat act an méir rin. mo éraiceann ó'n riabac, act is veacair tú a fáram. fear na bfuil tava aise ar bhuí áineam, act rzata ceapca a bfuil an galra cleiteac oíra, as iarrair rphé! is móir an t-iongnam na bbeab ciall as vo leiteirve. Teapruigeann nóra uair, mo cailín bheas uataimail, agus teapruigeann rphé uair in-aonfeact léite, agus gan asat act vo xiomáinín beas talman na b n-geodra raice air, dá noiolta ar maroin é.

Tomár. níl tú act as magad mar rin a míceál. is maí atá fíor asat so bfuil ré in-a gabaltar com maí, agus com tihim, a' r tá iriis in vo páraírte.

Míceál [ar leat taob]. Tá fíor asam so maí so bfuil an fírinne aise, act níl mé as vol dá ráo leir.

Tomár. Féac annreo, a míceál, agus ó tárla gur dain tú aram é, ní gac uile cailín a mbeirinn-re fára a tadarit irteac in mo gabaltar, a míceál.

Míceál. Anoir, a Tomár, leis vo vo éuro cainte. Caitiró ré so bfuil ualla mullóg eicint ar vo fáilid nó ní beab an oipeao rin meara asat ar vo gabaltairín ruarac talman. nó b'féirir gur áróbél atá tú a véanam. Má' ead má innrigeann tú vo'n áairi Máirtín é nuair a raírar tú 'an faoiruin, cuise, cuiriró ré fíor so loc Deasg tú, rin, nó tuar na cruaidé, ve bheiteamnar aithige oir [as bheathnugad ar taob a láime veiré]. Seo é páóraic Mac Coirvealba as tigeact, agus ní véanraó ré dom iao a éaractáil dá éile so brágaínn amac cia aca is fearr a v'feirfead vo nóra [ór áro] Tapairó anuar airt as leat uair tar éir an feact anocht, agus beiró caint eile agáinn féin, agus as an máigirfeaf faoi'n g-ceirt reo, agus b'féirir so mbeab cupla cluitéde agáinn freirín. So roirbighir Dia vuit anoir, a buacail.

Tomár. Beannaict leat. beiró mé anuar airt ar ball.

[Imtígeann ré amac ar taob na láime clé. Tagann páóraic Mac Coirvealba irteac agus adartar in-a láim aise.]

Páóraic. So mbeannuigró Dia vuit, a míceál, agus cia'n éaoi a bfuil tú. Ainriir bheas cruairó i reo, atá agáinn, glóir vo Dia. Cogair. An in é Tomár ó Ceallairg, a énaic mé as caint leat annrin ar ball.

Míceál. Maire so mbeannuigró Dia agus Muirve vuit, a páóraic, agus vo éao fáilte. is é Tomár a bí ann. Bíomar as caint faoi com cruairó a' r tá na uaoine as eirige, agus so raib ré veacair bhabac ar bit a fágar uata anoir. Tá Tomár so v'feact tar éir imteact abailé as ól a éuro tae.

Páóraic. Buacail geanaimail é Tomár, agus fear a oibhigeannr so cruairó. is móir an t-áó a beir ar ébí cailín a geodra é.

Don't ye know that I have wan milch cow, an' a heifer, an' six sheep, an' an ass, besides geese an' ducks an' hins.

FLANAGAN [*laughing*]. An' ye want a fortune with that. *h-Anaim o'n diabhal, mo bhuachaill*, but it's hard to be plazed ye are. Only a few mangy ducks an' drakes an' ye want a fortune. Will you ever learn sinse? Ye want Nora an' ye want a fortune along 'ith her, an' ye havin' only a bit o' land that'd be worth nothin' if it was sould in the mornin'.

KELLY. It's goin' on with your jokin' ye are now, Mike. Sure, it's as dacint a farm as there's in the parish.

FLANAGAN [*aside*]. True for him; but I'm not goin' to tell him that.

KELLY. An' it isn't every girl I'd care to bring into it.

FLANAGAN. *Na bi ag caint, a Thomaís*. It's lookin' at it with a pair o' glasses ye are, you're magnifyin' it so much. Will ye tell Father Martin all that whin ye go to him? He'll give ye a quare pinance if ye do. [*Looking off right, aside.*] Here's Pat Costello, an' it 'ud never do for thim to meet until I find out which is the best. [*Aloud.*] Come down at half-past seven to-night an' mesel' an' the missis 'ill talk over the matter with ye, an' we'll have a couple o' games. God be with ye.

KELLY. Blessin's on ye this fine evenin'. I'll be down. [*Exit left, Enter COSTELLO carrying rope halter.*]

COSTELLO. Good evenin', Mike, an' how are ye this evenin'. Fine, hard, dry weather, thanks be to God. Was that Tom Kelly I saw ye talkin' to a minute ago?

FLANAGAN. Good evenin' to ye, Pat. Yis 'twas me an' Tom was talkin'. We were chattin' about the hard bargains that are goin'. He's just gone home to his tay.

COSTELLO. Dacint fellow is Tom, an' a hard worker. It'll be good for the girl that gets him.

FLANAGAN. Faith, ye know how to praise him, anyway. Are ye makin' a match for him?

COSTELLO. Indeed, thin, I'm not. An', spakin' o' that, is there any talk o' his gettin' marrid?

FLANAGAN. Unless ye say it yersel'.

COSTELLO. Well, I'm not sayin' it. I'm only askin'. But, Mike, I'm more interested for mesel'. As I was sayin' comin' from Mass on Sunday I'm thinkin' o' settlin' down, an'—an'—I've a nice houldin'

micéal. m'anam sup tú atá iníon é a mólao. An uochar
riarruige, an as déanam cleamhnair uó atá tú?

pádraic. Go veimhin féin ní h-eaó, asur ó tárla as tráct ar
rin muio, ar éualairó tú éan caint go maid ré le póraó.

micéal. Déamán focal mui gcluiniró mé uair féin anoir é.

pádraic. ní éluinfiu maire, mar níor éualairó mé taob in-a
taob. ní maid mé aet as cur na ceirte oir, mar ip feari maid
rgealta tú. Cosar i leit, a micéal, réaro a tug anall chearna
mé, bí mé as caint ar rochnuáó fúm, asur mar tá fíor asat tá
gabaltar maid talman asam, asur teac breas fairrinis, asur bí
mé as cuimnuáó go mbaó maid an bean tige a déanraó t' iníean
nóma uóm.

micéal [as meangaisil gáime]. Cia'n tuarparóal a déar tú as
taobairt uí?

pádraic. Anoir, a micéal, ná bí as magao mar rin. Tá fíor
asat go maid céaro atá i gceirt asam.

micéal. m'anam maire, a pádraic, ní as magao atáim. Uudairt
tú sup tearuig nóma uair, le teac a coimneál uuit, asur má
tearuigean, nac bfuil fíor as an raozal sup ceart uuit
tuarparóal a taobairt uí. Muna ab é rin an muo a uodairt tú,
níl fíor asam céaro atá i gceirt asat.

pádraic. Ip maid an feari magao tú, a micéal. Tuigeann tú
go mí-mairt mé, asur ná bí ar riubal le uó cuio ghuinn mar rin.
le rgeal gearr a déanam ué a micéal cia'n rpré a tiubrfar tú
uóm le nóma.

micéal. Cia méao a déar tú a iarrairó?

pádraic. Maire déamán fíor asam. Tá nóma in-a cailín breas,
asur ip maid an bean tige a déanraó rí uó feari ar bit.

micéal. Asur tuige annrin a mbeicéa as iarrairó rpré léite?

pádraic. Anoir, a micéal, tá fíor asam nac breileann ré uuit
rgearó le go leor aigio, aet nac bfuil fíor asat go maid—

micéal [as breatnuáó ar taob a láime clé]. Féac, a pádraic,
nac é reo breannuán Mac Cartha as teact anuar éugainn. Fan-
paró ré tamall as caint linn go veardta nuair a déar ré as uul
tair. Ip feari uuit-re, a pádraic, a teact anuar go uí an teac
as an feact a élog asur béiró tuilleam cainte againn féin, asur
as an máigirreáí faoi 'n g-cleamhnar [Tagann breannuán Mac
Cartha ip teac ar taob an láime clé, asur teirdeann ré amac i n-gar
uó lár an áruáin] go mbeannuigiró Dia uuit, a uúine uarail.

Breannuán. Go mbeannuigiró Dia asur Muire uuit féin, a micéal,
an bfuil tú as uul adaire. Tá mire as uul as breatnuáó
ar an eallac, asur níor níor uóm veirfi a déanam nó béiró
ré mo-uoréa oim. Ip gearr a bíor an oróce as tuicim an trát reo
uó bliadain. An braca tú mo cuio capall moiu, a pádraic.

pádraic. Connaircar. Bíodar i n-aice na rgioból nuair a bí
mé as teact aniar ar ball. Bí mé go víreac ar mo deatac adaire
nuair a carao liom micéal annreo.

Breannuán. Ceart go leor. Ip uóca go mbéiró gheann asur

an' a good house, an' I wouldn't be makin' any objection to takin' Nora to housekeep.

FLANAGAN [*with a smile*]. What about the wages, Pat ?

COSTELLO. Ah, don't be goin' on, now, Mike. Ye know what I mane.

FLANAGAN. Faith it's plain enough. Ye said ye wanted to take Nora to housekeep for ye, an' if ye do ye must pay her wages. If that's not what ye said I don't know what ye mane.

COSTELLO. Musha, sure ye are always jokin', Mike. Ye know very well what I mane, and don't be goin' on with your humbuggin' ; I don't want to be batin' about the bush any longer. What'll ye be givin' with Nora ?

FLANAGAN. What'll ye be askin' ?

COSTELLO. Sure I don't know. Nora is a fine girl an' 'ill be a good wife for any man.

FLANAGAN. Thin, why are ye askin' a fortune ?

COSTELLO. Arrah, now, Mike, I know ye can drive a hard bargain, but ye see——

FLANAGAN [*looking off left*]. Here's Mr. MacCarthy. He'll stop to talk to ye now about the stock. Come down to the house at seven an' mesel' an' the missis 'll talk over the matter with ye. [*Enter BRENDAN MACCARTHY left, advances down stage towards centre.*] Good evenin', Mr. MacCarthy.

MACCARTHY. Good evening, Mike, are you going home ? I am just looking at the stock before it gets too dark. Night falls very quickly now, doesn't it ? Have you looked after the horses, Pat ?

COSTELLO. Yis, sir. I left thim all right at the stables an' was goin' home when I met Mike, here.

MACCARTHY. That is right. I suppose you will celebrate November night in the good old way. The old customs are dying out, more's the pity, and nothing has taken their place. But I won't be delaying you. I hope you will enjoy yourselves. Good evening.

BOTH. Good evenin', sir. We are obliged to you.

[*Both go off left.*]

MACCARTHY. Yes, they will enjoy themselves, and how I could enter into their enjoyment if only Nora would consent. Pretty, innocent Nora ! How dear she is to me I only know. My mother, with her foolish notions of grandeur, will not consent to my marrying

riamra azaib anocht. Bíod a leisteirí ar riubal oíche Samna i gcomhnuíde, aet tá sean-ghnáraí na tíre as uil oi léis, agus baó móri an seall é, mar ní tava ar fógnam atá muio a fágaíl in-a n-áit. Ir searri óam san níor mó moill' a óéanam. Tá rúil asam go mbéir oíche riampamail azaib. Slán lib.

Míceál agus páópaic [i gcuíveaet] maire go roiribizir Dia úuit a úuine uapail. Tamuio buíveaet óíot [iméigeann Míceál agus páópaic].

Dheannóán. Tá mé cinnte go mbéir riamra aca, agus ir oim-ra a beaó an ríméao a beir i n-aoirfeact leóbéa, aet amáin óá mbéaó nóra rárta. Mo nóra dheas móóamail! Níl fíor as neaó beo an ghráó atá asam ói, aet asam féin. Síleann mo mátaíri naó bfuil rí rátaó maít óom, agus ní éuibhpaíó rí ceao uom í a póraó, agus tá nóra í féin as cuioiuzaó léite, mar níl rí rárta mé a glacaó, agus ní innreócaó rí óom cia'n ráé. Óá mbéaó rí go h-áro ra raozal, beaó mo mátaíri rárta léite, agus rin é baó maít liom, mar b'feairi liom san a uil in-a h-azaíó, óá mbéaó neart asam ari. Aet bíóó an tubairte as an ríre. Teapruigeann nóra uaim, agus beir rí asam. Ní eis liom sanact marí reo móráin níor fuioe. Beir nóra as uil aóáile an bealaó reo anoir san móráin moille, agus caítríó mé í a feiceál [as uapacaó uairí ar éaó a láime uoiré]. Á! tá rí as tigeaet [asann nóra irteaó]. Go mbeannuizir Dia úuit, a nóra, cia'n éaóí a bfuil tú an tráénoóna reo, a ríóir?

Nóra [baineaó geit airtí, agus lapann rí ruar san éaóan]: Go mbeannuizir Dia agus muiré úuit, a úuine uapail. Tá rúil asam—

Dheannóán. Anoir, a ríóir, ná taóáirí uirine uapail oim-ra ariiré. Naó iomóá uairí a uubairé mé leat m'áinn féin a taóáiré oim.

Nóra. Tá fíor asam rin, aet ní beaó ré ceart asam, agus b'feairi liom san a óéanam. Tá uoiríri oim aóáile go mbilizir mé an óó, agus caítríó mé imteaet.

Dheannóán [as uil roimprí, agus as bheir ar gheim óá lám uiréí]. A nóra, a muirínín, céaro reo a éáinic oir le reaetmáin. Ní dheatnócpá oim o'n Doínnaó. An uóéaruaíó mé tava oir, a ríóirín.

Nóra. Go uoirínín ní uóéaruaíóir, aet tá raicéíor as tigeaet oim. Ní rílim go bfuil ré ceart asam-ra, agus asat-ra a beir móri le éáile. Díim as iaruaíó san a teaet in uo bealaó, aet ní eis liom—ó céaro é reo a bí mé a' ráó [Cromann rí a ceann].

Dheannóán. A nóra, a cuirle, cuir an ruo atá tú éarí eir a ráó aóibneap ar mo érioíde. Aet cuize a mbíonn tú as iaruaíó a éoinneál amac uaim, mar rin. Naó bfuil ghráó asáinn ar a éáile. Ir tú mo cuio u'e'n t-raozaí, agus, a cuirle geal mo érioíde, má póranín tú mé, beiró mé rárta oibhuzaó úuit ó máioin go raoitín, agus —

Nóra. Na uéan, a ríóir. Tá ghráó asam úuit, aet níl ré ceart asam. Ní eis liom mo cuio paioreaca a ráó san a beir as

her, and Nora helps by refusing to marry me for some reason which she won't tell. If only she had a "position" my mother might be got to relent, and I don't want to run counter to her wishes. But, ah! bother, damn the fortune. I want Nora. It can't go on like this much longer. She is bound to pass this way going home, and I must see her [*looking off right*]. Ah! here she comes. [*Enter NORA, carrying basket, right*]. God save you, Nora. How are you this evening?

NORA [*starts, flushes, and says timidly*]. God save you, kindly Mr. MacCarthy. I hope——

MACCARTHY. When will you drop that Mister, Nora? How often have I asked you not to use it?

NORA. But it wouldn't be right, and I'd rather not. I'm in a hurry to milk the cow, and I must go.

MACCARTHY [*stopping her, taking the basket out of her hand, leaving it on the ground, and joining her two hands in his*]. Nora, a cuise, what has come over you for the past week? I can't get you to look at me since Sunday. Have I done anything wrong?

NORA. No, no, but I'm getting afraid. It is wrong for me and you to be talking, and I do be trying to pray, to forget, but I can't—oh, what am I saying.

[*Holds down her head.*]

MACCARTHY. Nora, *mo chroidhe*, you're saying what is music to my ears. Why would you try to forget me? Do we not love each other? You are my share of the world, and, core of my heart, if you will only say that you will marry me, I'll be willing to slave for you morning and night. I'll——

NORA. Don't, don't, *a stóir*. Oh, I do love you, but it's wrong. I can't pray with thinking of you, but it will be all over after to-night—and, oh! Brendan, Brendan, my heart will break.

MACCARTHY [*with much anxiety*]. What is the matter? Has anything happened to you, darling? Tell me. Let me shield you.

NORA. My father is making a match for me, and I don't know whether it'll be Tom Kelly or Pat Costello. He mentioned it on Sunday night, and said he'd bring them to the house to-night to talk over it, and he said he thought Pat would be the best match. But I cried and said I didn't want any of them, and he said no girl ever

cuimneadh oirt, ádt béid ré rin éarh uilig, éar éir na h-oiúce anocht, agus, a bheannóidín tá faictéior oim go mbeirfidhe mo éiríde.

bheannóidín [agus imníde móir aih]. Céarh é rin a vudairt tú? An bfuil tusa le ceacht chearna oirt? Inniur dom é, a mhuirín, agus macraib mé do vo corainn.

Nóia. Tá m'ádh le cleamhnar a vóanadh dom, agus níl fíor agam an vo comár ó Ceallais, na vo pádhaic m'ac Coirveallda, atá uil aige mé a tadhairt. Cus ré leirve deas dom faoi Dia Domhnaigh, agus vudairt ré go maib ré ag bhaic iao a tadhairt 'an an tige anocht, go n'óanfaidí rochmáid eicint. Bí ré ag ceapad sup fearh an fearh a vóanadh an Coirveallda dom ná an Ceallac. Nuair a tadhairt ré aih, éorais mé ag caoinead, agus vudairt mé leir náir éarouigh ceachtar ve'n deirt uaim. Nuair a éualaid ré é rin, vudairt ré liom go fearmáid go gcaitfínn comáirle m'ádh agus mo mádh a vóanadh. Ó, a bheannóidín, níl fíor agam céarh a vóanadh mé, ádt ir fearh duit mé a leigean adailé anoir, mar tá veiríh oim [féadann sí le 'n-imtead].

bheannóidín [agus é i gcomnuirde i n-gheim v'á lám uiré]. Fan móiméad, a leirv mo éiríde. Ní póraib tú ceachtar ve'n deirt óganac reo. Póraib tú mire, nac b'pórfair, a r'óir?

Nóia. Á! a bheannóidín, ná bí ag dul com chuidib rin oim, mar tá fíor agam v'á b'pórainn tú go gcaitfeá an tír a f'ágáil. Bainfead vo mádhair na talcaí ar fao díot. Tá fíor agam sup léite iao. Níl éan r'p'ré agam-ra, ádt r'p'ré fánaic, agus ir gearh a fearrad sí d'áinn, agus éairh rin, mar tá fíor agat, níl ionnam ádt in'gean feilméaríde doict. B'féiríh éar éir r'gaitte go mbeiteá ag caiteadh taircuirne oim, agus ag tadhairt milleáin dom. Ní féarfaínn rin a fearadh—ní féarfaínn.

bheannóidín. Maire mo fearc n'ráid tú! Ir meara liom anoir tú na ariadh, ádt tuize nac mbéad éiríde agat, mar atá agam-ra. V'á gcuirfiamuir ar g-cloigne le céile vóanfamuir amac bealac leir an g-ceann ir fearh a f'ágáil oirta uilig. Céarh vo mear, a nóia?

Nóia. Níl tú ádt vo mo vóanadh níor meara mar rin. Leig adailé mé. Á ná coinnigh níor fuirve mé, a bheannóidín. [Leigean ré amac a lámái agus iméigean sí amac uair.] Maire mo fearc mbeannaic leat, agus Dia vo vo cuimíad i gcomnuirde ó jad uile olc agus anadain. [Iméigean sí.]

bheannóidín [leanann ré cupla coircéim í, fearann ré annhín, agus bheathuigean ré in-a diaib ar feara móiméir]. Ní leanfaid mé anoir í, ádt cuirfid mé veirfead leir an gcleamhnar anocht, nó cinnfid ré oim. Mo éailín veas mánta! Nac uiré a díodar leir an éagcáir a vóanadh. Ádt, a nóia mo éiríde, bíid mire in-aice leat, nuair a b'ear vo cleamhnar v'á vóanadh, agus cá b'fíor nac agam féin a deiteá. [Iméigean ré cupla coircéim, fearann ré, agus téirdeann ré ar aih aih.] Seo í mo mádhair ag tigeádt. Nac ádhair a éainic sí! Innpéadaid mé an r'géal uilig amac dí anoir agus vóanad sí a roga ruo.

went against her father and mother in making a match, and what'll I do, at all—oh ! Brendan, go away, go away.

[*Tries to break away.*]

MACCARTHY [*still clasping her hands*]. Nora, a *leanbh*, you are only a dear little child. You won't marry either one or the other of those men. You will marry me—won't you, dear ?

NORA. Don't tempt me, don't tempt me. I'd be the ruin of you. Your mother would take the farms from you ; I know they belong to her ; and I have no fortune, only a few pounds, and I'm only the daughter of a poor farmer. You'd look down on me after a while and blame me. I couldn't bear that—I couldn't bear that.

MACCARTHY. What a little treasure you are ! Do you know, a *stoirin*, that what you have been saying only makes you dearer to me ? Why not be brave like me ? We'll put our heads together and think out a plan to overcome them all—won't we, Nora ?

NORA. You're only torturing me. Let me go. Oh ! Brendan, don't stop me any more. [*He releases her hands. She crosses over left.*] I must consent to the match-making. [*Uses the dialect in her emotion.*] God bless ye and watch over ye always. May His blessin's pour down on ye an' keep ye safe from harm. [*The Angelus rings. In a soft tone.*] That's the Angelus. The angels in Heaven are singin' now an' are happy. May they guard you, a *chora*, from now until you die.

[*Exit left.*]

MACCARTHY [*makes as if to follow her, then pauses and looks after her for a moment*]. No, I'll not follow her ; but I'll stop this match-making. Match-making be hanged ! It's one of the curses of this poor, distracted country. My little innocent angel ! She goes like a lamb to the slaughter. How she must suffer—good God ! how she must suffer. But, Nora, my darling, I'll make one of the match-making party also, and we'll see who'll win. [*Moves towards left. Pauses. Draws back.*] Here is my mother. This is most fortunate. I'll have her decision one way or the other now.

MRS. MACCARTHY [*entering left*]. Oh, Brendan, are you enjoying this beautiful November night ? The fairies did not begin to walk yet, I suppose. I was having a stroll through the fields and saw you just now, so came up. But you look excited. What is the matter ?

MACCARTHY. I have heard something that makes my blood boil and strengthens me to seek a decision at once on a matter that con-

Bean mhic Cárta [mátaíh bheannóáin, as teact irteac]. Á! a bheannóáin, nac bheas 'de'n uoman an oíche Samna í seo? An bfuil fíor agat ar corruigean púca agus na ríobógaí as ríubalóirí uóid féin fóir. Bí mé as ríubal uoman féin tré na páiriceannaí nuaíh a connaic mé tú agus táinig mé aníos. Act céaró seo atá ort? Silféa gur tair a connaic tú, tá tú as bheathuagáí com rianruigíte rin.

Bheannóáin. Ní fáca mé tava a maib anacáin ann, act tá mé ear éir ruo a cloirdeáil, a cuir fearg móir oim, agus ruo a 'deirruigeann mé le rgeal a ríobóteac leat-ra. Bí mé as uil ríor go uí an teac le tú a fíceal, nuaíh a connaic mé as teact aníos an bódaíhín tú.

Bean mhic C. Déanfaid rin, a ríor. Tá ríil agam nac eallac leir na comruannaí a fuair tú ar ár gcuir talman, nó b'féidir gur as cuimneam ar a uil irteac in 'oo comairleóirí Ceannairí a bí tú le tuilleam coruair a tarraingte ar an tír.

Bheannóáin. Ní cuir gínn é, a mátaíh, ná cuir maíar. An nio ab áil liom ladaíh leat raol, ir mó a daineat ré ná ceactar aca rin, le mo cinneamaint, agus mo fórtún ra raogal atá nomam amac—le rgeal gearh a déanam 'de, tá ré 'o' inntinn agam nóra ní flannagáin a póraí.

Bean mhic C. Tura as cuimneam ar nóra ní flannagáin a póraí. Maire go uagair 'Dia ciall uuit, a bheannóáin.

Bheannóáin. Anois, a mátaíh, níl éan ladaíh uuit ann, pórraí mé nóra ní flannagáin. Tá fíor agat go bfuil gíar agam úi. Ladaíh mé leat raol seo ceana, agus tug tú cluar do'uar uom, act tá gíar agam úi i gcomnuí. Níl ciall uuit riarruige uíom cial' n fáit, mar ní eis liom inninn. Tá mé i n-gíar léite, agus tá 'oo fáit anninn. Tá, a h-aíh, as bhat a cleammar a déanam anocht, agus í a ladaíh 'oo fear nac bfuil aige act fíor-deagán talman, agus caiteirí rí a uil 'un na h-altóra in-agair a tolaí leir an bheir rin, mar níl éan gíar aici uó. Ní eis leite gíar a ladaíh 'oo éan uine eile, mar tá rí i n-gíar liom-ra, agus ó tárla go bfuil, ní leigir mé le uine ar bí é.

Bean mhic C. Maire leis 'oo 'oo cuir fearóire. Nár uadaíh mé leat ceana an cailín rin a caiteam ar 'oo ceann. Tá fíor agat gur liom-ra an talam, agus mar ríruigir tú mé, caiteirí tú a uil as poláirí uuit féin—fóo talman ní bfuigir tú uaim-re. Tá bealac agam le bean áronórac a págail uuit, agus tá ríil agam nac nac noéanraí tú amadán uíot féin. Ní maib tava as déanam inníob uíom ar an raogal seo, act tú a fíceal ríruigíte fíor, agus bean mearamail agat. Nac bfuil fíor agat go maí, má póran tú cailín gan fógluim, mar nóra ní flannagáin, nac mbéir tú inuon an bealac atá agat a coinneal ruar. Tadaíh ceao uá h-aíh cleammar a déanam úi, agus í a póraí le cébí fear a tognócar ré. Níl éan tuirgint as na uoimí seo. Uíolann ríao na mná óga, mar uíolrá caoiríh nó beirgíob ar donac, agus tá ré pánac agat-ra uil uá múnac.

cerns me intimately. I was going to the house to see you when you came up the *botharin*. It is something of the greatest importance to me.

MRS. MACCARTHY. All right, dear. I hope you did not find somebody trespassing; or perhaps you wish to become a District Councillor and help to increase the rates.

MACCARTHY. Don't jest, mother. I feel that a good deal depends on to-night's work for my future happiness. To come to the point at once—I want to marry Nora Flanagan.

MRS. MACCARTHY. Brendan! Marry Nora Flanagan!

MACCARTHY. Yes, marry Nora Flanagan. You know I love her. I have spoken of this before and you put me off. But I love her still. Don't ask me why. I can't tell you. I love her. That suffices. Her father is to give her away—sell her—barter her—this night for a few acres of land, and she will go to the altar with a man she does not care for, and enter his house with a lie on her lips. She cannot love any of these men, for she loves me, mother, and I must save her.

MRS. MACCARTHY. But I have refused to listen to this before. The land is mine. If you go against my wishes you know the consequences. I hope to make a good match for you, and don't disappoint me, Brendan. It is the one wish I have left, that of seeing you well and happily married. You cannot hold the position I should wish you to hold if you marry an uneducated girl like Nora Flanagan. Let her father make his match for her. That is all these people know. You cannot teach them. They sell their women as they do their cattle.

MACCARTHY. Mother, stop. I will not allow them to be maligned. They are a noble people, and it would be well for the world if the spirituality of the Irish people was universal. You cannot charge them with barter while you hold the threat of deprivation of the land over my head. Would you not use that same land to get for me a good match, as you are pleased to call it?

MRS. MACCARTHY. Better than Nora Flanagan, certainly.

MACCARTHY. I should be happy with Nora, and that means everything.

MRS. MACCARTHY. What would the parish say? She is only the daughter of a poor, struggling farmer—a workman in fact.

Dheannodán. Níor ceart uirt labhairt mar rin, a má'atair. ní éiridh-fairé mé ceao do 'uine ar bit tava a rá'ó leodéa, mar i'p 'daoine geanaíla atá ionnta. D'féirir gur b'iom'ó uine, agus rá'at' gur do baile agat féin fheirir, na'c d'fuil éom mearaíail ionnta féin leodéa. Ar n'ó'g ní t'is leat-ra 'uod'-meaf a 'caiteam' ar éan'uine mar'ga' c'ruaid' a 'd'eanam' faoi r'p'pé, mar t'á t'ú féin níor meara na uine ar bit. Síleann tú go mb'ó ceart uirt do mo'ga bean a f'á'gail dom-ra, mar 'geallt' ar na tal'taib atá agat.

Dean mhic C. D'f'urp'ra 'dom bean níor fearr ná nóra ní f'lan-nagáin a f'á'gail uirt, ar c'uma ar bit.

Dheannodán. Déir m'p'e r'árta le nóra agus ní r'ár'ó'at' éan bean eile mé.

Dean mhic C. Tá mé r'áru'g'te amac agat. Céar' a 'd'ear'f'ó muinntir an 'p'aráir'te. Níl inn'te ac't in'gean f'eil'mear'ó' doic't, fearr oib're t'is liom a rá'ó.

Dheannodán. Céar' a d'í in m'á'tair ac't fearr oib're, gur eir'g'e r'é ra r'ao'gal. Na'c d'fuil f'ior agat go ma'it go d'fuil r'é in-a 'uail'gar o'p'ra'inn ó 'Dia, gan a deit i n-á'p 'g'omnuir'ó, agus gur fearr a r'ac'f'ó r'é do'n 'coláinn agus do'n anam obair a 'd'eanam'.

Dean mhic C. Tá f'ior agam go ma'it céar' atá in do 'deann' faoi néit'ib de'n t-r'óir rin, agus níl éan 'c'adair' uirt 'reana'm'óir a 'd'eanam' faoi, mar níl m'p'e ar éan innt'inn leat. D'í t'á'tair in-a fearr oib're tamall, ac't anoir ó 't'á'p'la go d'fuil ruo 'g'ainn, níor ceart go mb'ó' an o'p'rao 'veir'f'ead' o'p't-ra le uil ar air i 'g'ionn na lár'óe. An u'il atá agat rinnt a náru'g'at?

Dheannodán. A má'atair, níor ceart uirt a rá'ó go d'fuil m'p'e 'g'bra'it t'ú a náru'g'at. Ní náir'e do fearr ar bit a d'eat' in'van a d'eat' a 'd'eanam' ra r'ao'gal. I'p mó an meaf agus an 'c'p'et'ea-maint a tuillear r'é 'ó' féin agus 'ó' muinntir, r'ilim-re. Níl uaim ac't céile a f'á'gail, na'c mb'éir náir'e uir'ib a'm'ac'táil gur bean f'ir oib're atá inn'te, má 't'agann r'é go u'í rin.

Dean mhic C. Agus meapann tú a mb'éir r'í in'van a 'c'ur ruar le an'ró'g an t-r'ao'gail?

Dheannodán. Cuir tuar ruar le an'ró'g an t-r'ao'gail nuair a d'í m'á'tair go doic't, agus i'p b'ead' go raib t'ú in'van é a 'd'eanam'.

Dean mhic C. D'í, mar d'í g'rá'ó agam 'ó'.

Dheannodán [go rann'tac]. Tá f'ior agam go mb'éir nóra toileam'ail agus r'árta a 'c'ur ruar le an'ró'g an t-r'ao'gail liom, agus cuir'ig'at liom in'p' g'ac uile d'eat'ac, mar t'á g'rá'ó a'ic'í 'dom.

Dean mhic C. Ó ma'p'e go d'p'óir'g' Dia o'p't an'p'rin, c'á d'f'ior uirt r' ní r'ilim go d'fuil f'ior t'inn'tinn' féin agat. Níl an'p'eo ar f'ao ac't uic'eíle, agus i'p fearr uirt é a 'caiteam' ar do 'deann. Ar c'uma ar bit ná t'eir'g' níor f'uir'e leir an r'g'eal liom-ra.

Dheannodán. Ac't, a má'atair, ba'ó ceart uirt cuir'neam' na'c d'f'uir'g'ó mé ruaim'neaf nó r'ólár go b'rá'tac, mar d'rá'g'at' mé nóra.

Dean mhic C. Síleann tú é rin anoir, ac't t'ac'f'ar'ó ciall f'ór 'c'ug'at, agus—

Dheannodán. Tá mé i n-g'rá'ó léit'e le t'p'í b'ia'ó'ain, agus i'p meara

MACCARTHY. But my father was a workman all his life, and his honesty brought him success. To work, mother, is to obey God's command, and perform the only service that makes life sweet, and——

MRS. MACCARTHY. Yes, yes, I know your opinions about that. They are not mine, and I can't consider them. Your father was a labourer, but now that his labour has been fruitful, are you to throw it all away by returning to the position from which we rose? Would you dishonour us?

MACCARTHY. Mother, rather ought you to say that I honour you. I feel no shame in labouring, and I hope to use my position to enable me to labour the more. On that account alone I want to have by my side one who will not be ashamed to be called a labourer's wife.

MRS. MACCARTHY. But would she bear it?

MACCARTHY. Mother, you bore portion of my father's burden. Why? What strengthened you?

MRS. MACCARTHY. Because I loved him.

MACCARTHY [*eagerly*]. And Nora would gladly, joyously, work side by side with me, because I know she loves me.

MRS. MACCARTHY. Are you sure? You do not know your own mind yet. This is all a piece of romancing. Put it out of your head. Don't press me further, Brendan, *a mhic*.

MACCARTHY. But, mother, the happiness of my life is at stake.

MRS. MACCARTHY. You think so now. By-and-by——

MACCARTHY. For three years I have loved her, and my love has grown with the years. Don't refuse me, mother.

MRS. MACCARTHY. Brendan, I have refused to hear this before. Do not press me.

MACCARTHY. I must, I must. Take land, take everything if you will it so. I shall marry Nora.

MRS. MACCARTHY. This is foolish raving. I have given you my answer. Your head is turned with all this nonsense about labour and the old civilisation of Ireland, and such stuff. Give it all up and have a little sense. Think of your college training, and all that is expected of you. In any case, I am utterly opposed to this quixotic notion of yours. What would——

MACCARTHY [*impulsively*]. Mother, you sent me to college, but it would have been better for me if you had kept me at home. The land that gave me birth was a subject unknown within its walls.

liom anoir í, ná i t-*torac*. I*r* fear*h*i óuit *gan* a *cu*i*n* in m'*a*gair*o*, a má*ta*i*r*.

Bean m*hic* *C*. Ná*r*i óu*da*i*rt* mé *é*ana leat *gan* níor mó a *rá*o*r* faoi reo. I*r* fear*h*i óuit éir*te*a*ct* liom fear*ta*.

Bheannóán. Ma*rga*ó*o* *fé*ir*o*! ní *bé*ir*o* mé a*g* uil anonn no anall leir an r*g*éal níor f*u*i*re*. T*is* leat uo *é*uio tal*ma*n a*g*ur f*ai*o*u*b*h*i*r* a *co*inneál má'*r* bheas leat é, a*ct* pó*r*pa*ir*ó m*ir*e nó*ra*.

Bean m*hic* *C*. Níl in uo *é*aint uil*is* a*ct* fear*ó*ir*o*. Tá f*he*a*g*raó*o* *rá*i*g*te *é*ana a*g*at uaim-*re*. Tá uo *é*ann tó*is*te a*g* *cu*i*n* níor a*r*i an raó*ga*l a *bi*o*o* i n-éir*inn* fao*o*, a*g*ur a*g* caint a*r*i f*ean*-*g*ná*ra*i*o* ná t*í*ne, a*g*ur maiméir uo'n t-*r*ó*ir*t rin. I*r* fear*h*i óuit éir*u*ge a*r* an t-*re*a*fo*ir*o* rin, a*g*ur ciall a *be*i*t* a*g*at. Baó *é*a*ir*t *go* mbéaó f*io*r a*g*at le t*u* f*é*in a iom*é*u*r*i m*ar*i uaine uaral a*r*i b*it* *é*a*r*i éir an fao a'*r* *co*inn*is* mé a*g* coláir*ue* t*u*. Níl uaine a*r*i b*it* a mbéaó *é*an *g*aol fola a*is*ge leat a mbáó m*ar*t leir t*u* a f*ei*ceál a*g* uéana*m* pleró*ce* uó*ir*t f*é*in a*r*i an mbeala*ct* reo. I*r* beas an t-*io*ngna*m* ann*ri*n *go* mbéaó uo má*ta*i*r* a*g* *cu*i*n* in t' a*g*aí*o* faoi. Céa*ir*o uéa*ir*faó—

Bheannóán [a*g* t*is*gea*ct* t*re*a*ir*na uir*é*i]. *Cu*i*n* t*u* 'un coláir*ue* mé, a*ct* i*r* fear*h*i a m*ar*faó f*é* uo*m*-*ra* mé a *co*inneál *ra* mbaile. Ní m*ar*o f*o*cal le cloir*ue*ál a*g*am ann*ri*n faoi mo t*í*ri uó*é*á*r*i f*é*in. Bíom*ar*i a*g* léi*ge*aó a*g*ur a*g* f*ó*g*lu*im r*g*éaltaí faoi'n n-*g*h*é*is, a*g*ur faoi'n Róim, a*ct* uéa*m*an r*u*io nó f*o*cal a u'*ó*fó*g*luimeam*ar*i uo f*ean*éur na h-éir*ue*ann. An méro eoláir a *bi* a*g*am faoi, i*r* ó m'*a*éa*r*i, beanna*ct* uil*ir* ué le 'na anam [baireann f*é* uo a ba*ir*éa*o* le h-ó*m*ó*r* uo na mair*u*], a f*u*a*r*i mé é. Fua*r*i mé f*ó*g*lu*im a*g*ur o*u*ea*ct*a*r* *ra* gcoláir*ue*, a*ct* cia'n r*o*ir o*u*ea*ct*a*r* a *bi* ann,—o*u*ea*ct*a*r* *g*all*o*a. Bí mé a*g* éir*u*ge f*u*a*r* in mo *g*a*ra*na*ct* ó*is*, *g*u*r*i ca*ra*ó liom nó*ra*. D'inn*ri*g*h*i f*é* uo*m* na r*g*éalta b*re*a*g*a f*ian*nuir*ue*a*ct*a, a m*ar*o baint aca le h-éir*inn*, nuai*r*i a *bi* éir*ue* i *g*-céim*is*gea*ct*, a*g*ur r*g*éalta níor fear*h*i ná níor b*re*a*g*a*ct*a ná i*ao*, níl le *rá*gail i n-éan t*í*ri a*r*i ór*u*im tal*ma*n. D'f*o*r*g*laí*o*éa*ir* mo f*u*íl*ir*, a*g*ur é*u*g*u*a*ir* f*o*lur a*g*ur léa*ir*g*u*r uo*m*, m*u*o na*ct* m*ar*o a*g*am m*o*im*ie*. Léi*g* mé f*é*in a*g*ur nó*ra* *go* leor*u* uo na r*g*éalta*ir*o reo, i n-*g*aeóil*ge*, a*g*ur i*r* í a m*u*in uo*m* an éuio i*r* mo uo'n *g*aeóil*ge* a*ct*a a*g*am. I*r* m*ar*t a *bi* f*é* in*o*an a uéanta f*h*eir*u*i*n*, ba*ir* ó uia uir*é*i, a*g*ur i*r* in í an *é*an a uer*u* t*u*ra a*ct*a *gan* f*ó*g*lu*im. m*u*in*is* nó*ra* an oir*ue*o rin m*u*oái uo*m* i o*ta*o*o* na t*í*ne, *g*u*r*i é*u*g mé *re*a*ir*c a*g*ur *g*náó uí, a*g*ur b*la*r a*ir*méala nó caiteam na uia*ir*o a*g*am faoi, níl. Pó*r*pa*ir*ó mé nó*ra* a*g*ur má'*r* f*io*r nó f*u*a*r* a m*ar*fa*r* rin*u* parao*ga*l b*é*ir*o* rin*u* uil*ir* u' éir*inn*, a*g*ur uéan*ra*m*u*io cion uer*u*te a *ce*a*ir*t f*é*in a *rá*gail uí a*ir*í*re*.

Bean m*hic* *C*. Níl airm*re*a*r* a*r*i b*it* na*ct* b*fu*il an t*ea*nga liom*é*a *go* leor*u* a*g*at, a*ct* níl ca*ba*i*r*i óuit ann, m*ar*i ní éis leat m*ir*e a a*ir*u*ga*ó. Mu*r*i n-*g*la*ca*í*o* t*u* mo *co*máir*le* ní *g*eó*u*pa*ir*ó t*u* talá*m* nó t*ao*a eile uaim-*re*. Caite*ir*ó t*u* t'inn*ri*n*u* a uéana*m* f*u*a*r* anoir. An b*fu*il t*u* *co*m *é*ann uána a'*r* *go* b*po*r*pa*í*o* t*u* an cailín rin, nó a n-*g*la*ca*í*o* t*u* mo *co*máir*le*?

The stories of Greece and Rome and the rest were opened before us, but not the story of Ireland. What little I knew of that I had from my poor dead father, the Lord rest his soul! [*Lifts his hat reverently.*] I was as one lost to this lovely land. Then I met Nora, and from her lips I heard the old tales handed down through the ages, telling of a greater Ireland and a more beautiful. They opened my eyes, and with her I have read these old tales and learned the language that should be on the lips of us all if only we realised the glorious heritage it is and what we shall lose if we allow it to die; and, yet, you call her uneducated. Nora laid bare that world to my sight, and unknown to me my heart went out to her and is in her keeping, I cannot take it back, and would not even if I could. I shall marry Nora, and with her by my side I'll continue to help the working-men who are struggling unceasingly to bring Ireland to her own again.

MRS. MACCARTHY. A very nice speech, indeed, Brendan. You are becoming quite an orator. It does not affect me, however. If you do not obey me I shall cut you off without the slightest hesitation. You must decide now. Will you persist in your intention to marry this—eh—this girl, or will you obey me?

MACCARTHY. I shall marry Nora.

MRS. MACCARTHY [*turning towards left*]. Then we part. You are no son of mine.

MACCARTHY. I cannot change.

MRS. MACCARTHY [*turning quickly, taking a step towards him, pointing right, and raising her voice in anger*]. Then, sir, you go your way. I'll go mine.

[*Turns left, and bows her head in anger. BRENDAN moves off right, pauses, turns again, takes a few steps towards her, stretches out his hands saying, "Mother." MRS. MACCARTHY does not stir. BRENDAN pauses with arms outstretched, and says again, "Mother." MRS. MACCARTHY makes no sign. BRENDAN allows his arms to fall by his sides, watches her for a moment, turns and moves slowly to right, pauses, looks back, and then with bowed head goes off.*]

MRS. MACCARTHY [*turning suddenly towards where BRENDAN stood*].

Dheannodán. ní féadfaínn do comairle a glacadó, mar tá mún agam nóra a pórtad.

Dean mhic C. [as iompóó go taob na láime clé]. Tá mife méir leat. ní mac dom-ra tú!

Dheannodán. ní tús liom atriugad. Caisiró mé nóra a fáisail.

Dean mhic C. [as iompóó tairt ar a coir, labruigeann rí go feargac]. Imtíge leat anoir agus dean do roga mho [iompuiigeann rí uairó airt, agus cionnann rí a ceann le neart feirge. Imtígeann dheannodán leir cupla coircéim. Seafann ré annrín, agus éarann ré tairt. Téirdeann ré cupla coircéim ar air airt as uéanaí ar áit a uairó a mátaí. Labruigeann ré léite, áct ní túsann rí éan fheasraíó air. Dheathuigeann ré uirtí ar fearó móiméir, agus iompuiigeann ré tairt ar a coir annrín. Dearcann ré riar airt, agus nuair nac breiceann ré as corruig í, túsann ré an boíar uó féin go rgiopairó agus a ceann cionnta].

Deán mhic C. [as iompóó tairt go tobann, agus as uol go uí an áit a uairó dheannodán in-a fearaí, glaoúann rí air]. A dheannodán, a dheannodán, a mhic mo éiríde, tairairó ar air. Níl éan gar uó ann; tá ré imtígte. Ó, a mhíre, céaro a uéanfar mé cor ar bit anoir? [imtígeann rí amac agus a uó láim ruar aici ar a h-éadan.]

AN DARA h-AMHARC.

Cirteannad: u-teac míceáil uí flannagáin, agus caoir ué teimrú dheag tíor. Doíro buailte ar an mballa ar taob na láime veire, agus roitige tae, agus rúnógáí agus rseanaí air. Potáí iritíge faoi'n mboíro. Dhiuítí: n-áíaró an balla i n-aice le ceallac na teinead. Tá míceál ó flannagáin in-a fuirde as an teimrú as caiteam a píopa, agus tá Dhiuítí, a dean as toigbáil ruar na roitige tair éir an tae.

míceál [as baint an píopa ar a déal amac, agus Eas veiricad irteac ra teimrú ar fearó móiméir]. Féac, a Dhiuítí, táimic ré in mo ceann anoir an mho a dí tú as ráó ar ball, agus rílim gur móir an gar uóinn nóra a fáisail pórtá. Uéanraíó ceac-tar ué'n deirt a uairdeamair as tairt oíra, fearu mar uí, áct uéarfaínn gur veiricáíla ráómaic Mac Coircealda. Níl mé a ráó nac buacáil marit tíoídarac, Tomár ó Ceallairí, agus é cnuaró coimneáilac in-a ceann rin, áct b'féirínn—

Dhiuítí. Ná cuir b'féirínn ar bit ann, a míceál. Ir buacáil ríinn-tac geanaíaril é Tomár ó Ceallairí, agus cailín ar bit a geodfar é, beir an t-á uirtí.

míceál. Ir airteac an mho é rin.

Dhiuítí. Céaro atá airteac?

míceál. Gur ab í an éaint céarona a éar ráómaic mac Coircealda ar ball liom, agus mho as cur ríor ar comár. Ir

Brendan, Brendan, my son ! Gone, and I have driven him away.
What will home be to me now ?

[Exit left, her face covered with her hands.]

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—*Kitchen in FLANAGAN'S house. Fire burning brightly on the hearth. Table rests against wall, to right, containing some cups and saucers, a jug, sugar-bowl, bread, knives and spoons. Pots on ledge of table. Dresser against wall, half beside fireplace, facing stage. Sieve hangs on wall to right, near fireplace. FLANAGAN is discovered sitting at fire, left, smoking. BRIDGET busily engaged in putting away tea-things.*

FLANAGAN *[gazing into fire for a minute, takes pipe from his mouth]*.
Yis, Bridget, it's true what ye were sayin' a minute ago. It is a good job we're goin' to get Nora settled down. Aither o' the two 'ud be good takes, but I'm thinkin' Pat Costello is the safest. I'm not sayin' but Tom Kelly is a safe, steady boy, too, but——

BRIDGET. There's no "but" about it, Mike. Tom Kelly is a dacint boy, an' no mistake ; an' it'll be good for the girl that'll get him.

FLANAGAN. Well, that's quare.

BRIDGET. What's quare ?

FLANAGAN. Thim's the very words Pat said a while ago, whin we were talkin' over the business, as I was tellin' ye. "It'll be good for the girl that'll get him," sez he, an' you're after sayin' the same thing this minute. It is quare.

BRIDGET. There's nothin' quare about it. Tom is a fine, dacint boy, doesn't be galavantin' into the town every time he gets a chance, an' keeps his own place, that he does. But what use has Pat sayin' anythin' for Tom, I'd like to know ? He has enough to do to mind himself'.

FLANAGAN. ¶ Faith, a bean mo chroidhe, wan'd think ye were in favour o' Tom, the way ye talk. Now, I think mesel' that Pat 'ud make the best match for Nora. Ye all know he makes most o' the land.

aoibinn do'n cailín a gheobfar é, ar fheiceann, agus í i an tainn
céanna atá abruisgte anois agat-ra. Nac iongantach an fuo é!

Brúgro. Ní fuo iongantach dóir ar bit é, mar ní uaine ipitig in
do pobul nac bfuil fíor aige gur buacaili ainead ar a gnaéaig
Tomár Ó Ceallaiú, nac bfuil a ceann tóigste ari mar uaoine eile
a díor ag imteacht in-a gceoláin ar fuo na mbailtí móri ag ól
agus ag carream leobta. Ní baineann ré do pádóraic tava a ráó
ar fon Tomár. Ír maít an capall a tarrhainniúgar a cárii féin.

Míceál. Dar ráó! a Brúgro fílréa do réiri do tainte go mb'
feairi leat Tomár mar cliamain ná pádóraic. Feictear uom féin
gur feairi an uóig do t'ingín pádóraic, mar ír aige atá an gabal-
tar ír feairi.

Brúgro. Níl i gceirt agat-ra ó maroin go faoitin act talam!
talam! talam! act baó maít liom-ra feari a fágail a mbeaó in-a
ceann maít do mo cailín beag. Céaró atá le ráó faoi rin agat?

Míceál. Tá ré rin maít go leor, act cia'n veairbúgaó atá agat
go mbeaó Tomár in-a ceann níor feairi ví ná pádóraic?

Brúgro. feari feileamnac é Tomár Ó Ceallaiú, nac mbíonn ag
baint le fuo ar bit, act le na gnaéaig féin.

Míceál. Ar uóig níl tú a ramlúgaó le pádóraic go bfuil a
malruic le ráó leir.

Brúgro. Níl mé a' ráó tava leir an bfeairi, a Míceál ó! Baó
maít liom ar éan nóir go bfuil mura ag brat nóirín bán a focu-
gaó fíor go feileamnac, agus gan í a deit ag cliopaireacht le
bheannuán Mac Capta níor fuio. Baó móri an ruaimnear inn-
tinne uom dá n-aiúigeann rára í. Féac an éaoi ar toiraig rí ag
caoineaó ran oúce Dia Domnaig, nuairi a labairi tú léite ar
an gceleamnar a bí tú a véanam ví. Uudairt rí nári tairitig ceac-
tarí ve'n deir leite, agus atá mé ag ceapaó nac fupuroa a
h-atruagaó.

Míceál. Ná bí oitcéillíde, a Brúgro. Feicirí tú féin go n-áiró-
cairí rí nuairi a oiróócar mire ví é. Sí an cliopaireacht rin a díor
ar bun aici le bheannuán Mac Capta a tóig an ceann uirí, agus
easruainn féin, a Brúgro, b'feairi ví gan tava a deit aici le ráó
leir, mar ní prae móri do dean ar bit é. Míll an coláiríe é, mar
tá ré nó-móri ann féin, agus níl talam nó aigeaó aige, mui
uugaó a mátairi uó é. Ír léite-ré an talam, agus véamian róu
ve, a gheobfar ré go brátaó mui uóeanarí ré póraó a fíróócar í.
Bí an cailín aimpíre atá aici a ráó liom gur uudairt rí é reo le
bheannuán tráctóna eicint annrin an lá ceana, a raib aigáin-
teacht aici leir.

Brúgro. Ír buacaili veair muinte tóigste é bheannuán, agus ír
móri ír ríu rin, má tá aigeaó aige nó nac bfuil. [Buataó ag an
uorpar.] Tairíó ipreaó.

Pádóraic Mac Coiríoealda [ag tigeacht ipreaó]. Go mbeannuigíó.
Dia annreo.

Míceál Ó flannasáin agus a dean, i gcuioeact. Go mbeannuigíó
Dia agus Mairíe uuit féin.

BRIDGET. Oh, yis, there y'are. I'm hearin' o' the land in the mornin', and I'm hearin' o' the land in th' evenin', but I'm never hearin' o' whether he'd take care o' me little girl. What'll ye say to that, I'd like to know ?

FLANAGAN. Will Tom take care o' her wan bit better ?

BRIDGET. He doesn't be mindin' anythin' but his own business, any way.

FLANAGAN. An', sure, ye can't say anythin' else o' Pat.

BRIDGET. Who said I was ? Mike, *a stoir*, I'm glad we're goin' to get me little Noreen *ban* settled down comfortable like, an' put a stop to this goin' on with Mr. MacCarthy ; but I'd be aised in me mind if she seemed glad. On Sunday night she began to cry whin ye mintoned it, an' said she didn't like aither o' thim, an' I'm thinkin' it'll be hard to make her give in.

FLANAGAN. Hard to make her give in ! Don't be talkin' foolish, Bridget. Sure she'll give in whin I tell her. It's that talkin' to Mr. MacCarthy that has turned her head, an' between you an' me, now, Bridget, *a leanbh*, he's not much for a wife, himsel'. He has grand ways with him, after his college, but sure he hasn't as much land as 'ud sod a lark, or as much money as ye'd jingle on a tombstone, except what the missis gives him. We all know the land is hers, an' if he doesn't marry somewan accordin' to her notions she won't lave him a rood o' it. The servant told me she heard her say thim very words to Mr. Brendan himsel' wan evenin' when they were talkin' angry like about somethin' or other.

BRIDGET. He's a nice, honest boy, whether he has money or not, an' that's somethin' in any case. [*A knock at the door.*] Come in.

PAT COSTELLO [*entering*]. God save all here.

MRS. FLANAGAN and HUSBAND. God save ye kindly, Pat.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Take a chair an' come down an' have a hate o' the fire. Ye're very welcome.

PAT [*bringing a chair opposite FLANAGAN and sitting down*]. I'm sure o' that, Mrs. Flanagan. Ye're always kind to visitors.

MRS. FLANAGAN. We do try to make people comfortable, Pat, I'm thankful to ye.

PAT. Faith, whin wan comes in to ye, ma'am, wan feels inclined to settle down himsel', ye make the place that nice an' cheery.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Ah, now, Mr. Costello, it's yersel' that's sayin' it.

Brúgíó. Maire do mhíle fáilte, a páóraig. Tarrmaing anuas catáoiri duit féin annreo, agus véan do ghoráó leir an teinríó.

Páóraig [as tabairt na catáoiríeac ar aghair mícéál, agus as fuíbeac fíor]. Ir bean lágac cartannac tú, bail ó Dia oir, le tigeac irceac eusac. Ir beas áit a brúgíó do leiríoe do bean, agus níar uet go brúil tú as é irceac liom atá mé dá ráó.

Brúgíó. Tá mé buíbeac díot, a páóraig, acé tá tú do mo molaó mó-móir. Go veasíbea táinig ré adail le liom a beac cartannacóá, teiríoeann le mo mátair, agus le mo mátair móir, mar ní geobrá in do fuídal lae, mná ní ba lágaige ná iao, beannacé Dó le na n-anam, acé parair ní véacair míre leobta.

Páóraig. Ní mar loet oiré-pan é, tá tú féin a brúgíó in do bean com maíe agus com cóir, agus com geannáil, a' r bí ríao-pan éan lá ariam.

Brúgíó. Á parair nac fíor duit é.

Páóraig. Sí an fírinne glan atá mé a véanam leat, agus tá fíor agam fear atá as brat a cur faoi, agus bac maíe leir bean a fágáil a leanrao do réir do tréarta agus do cáilíbeacá.

Brúgíó. An dá nírí atá tú, a páóraig.

Páóraig. Dar mo focal 'feac.

Brúgíó. Cosar i leir, a páóraig, innir dúinn cia hé.

Páóraig. Dá n-inniríinn rin uir deiréac com cñionna liom féin. Acé níl voacir dom innreac uir gur fear é a mbaó maíe leir alamantar rphé a fágáil le cailín ós, a véanrao bean com maíe leat féin, ar gac uile bealac, dá feabair tú.

Brúgíó. Mill tú an molaó a eus tú dom le rgaatá má ceapann tú go mbaó ceair to'n fear rin rphé a fágáil le bean com maíe liom-ra.

Páóraig. Níor cuir mé voacir ar bit ra ruo a dubairt mé, agus níor ceair uir eirige com feargac rin, acé tá rúil agam go nveanrao mícéál ríotcán eapairinn. Nac nveanrair, a mícéál.

Mícéál. Ní bacrao míre líó. Rágrao mé eapairrao é.

Brúgíó. Níl ceair ar bit agac é a fágáil eapairinn mar bainear an rgeal leat féin com móir a' r bainear ré liom-ra. Nac brúil an oiréac cúraim oir féin faoi do cailín beas a' r atá oim-ra.

Mícéál [as gáire go cñíoeamail]. Feac rin anoir, a páóraig, tá fíor aicí ceair do bí i gceir agac, com maíe a' r bí fíor agam féin ná tú féin. Bí fíor agam féin go veirceacó ré amac, mar ní eus le bean níin a cñinneál. Cñinnis ar rin, a páóraig, agus nuair a beair an bean agac ná h-innir an iomairca dí.

Brúgíó. Maire uín ruar do beal, a mícéál. Bíonn mícéál i gcomnuíoe as veanam gñinn mar rin, a páóraig. Acé rílim go raio tú as brat ruo eicíne a ráó nuair a eorais mé as labairt.

Páóraig. Séair a bí mé as uil a ráó go raio an fear a raio

PAT. Faith, it's the truth I'm tellin', anyhow. I know a man that's tempted to settle down, an' 'ud like someone that 'd be able to take after you, ma'am.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Do ye mane it, Pat ?

PAT. Soorra the word a lie in it.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Arrah, 'tell us who he is.

PAT. Ah, now, ma'am, that'd be makin' ye as wise as mesel'. But he'd be wantin' a little besides.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Sure, that's a quare compliment, Pat.

PAT. Ah, now, ye oughtn't to take me up like that, ma'am. Himself, here, 'll stand up for me—won't ye, Mike ?

FLANAGAN. Faith, I'm lavin' it between ye.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Why, then, ye oughtn't. Ye're as much interested yersel' as I am.

FLANAGAN [*laughing heartily*]. There ye are, now, Pat. She knows what ye mane as well as yersel' or mesel'. I knew I'd get her to admit it. A woman couldn't hold a saycrit to save her life, Pat. Think o' that when ye bring home the missus, an' don't tell any saycrits.

MRS. FLANAGAN. *Dun do bheul, a Mhicheal*. He's always jokin', that he is, Pat. But ye were sayin' somethin'.

PAT. Yis, the man I'm talkin' about 'ud like somethin' else, an' 'ud be willin' to strike a bargain.

FLANAGAN. I'm willin' to give twenty pounds with Nora; not another pinny.

PAT. Sure ye wouldn't give yer name for it, Mike. Twenty pounds, an' ye considered to be the safest man in the parish. Say fifty.

FLANAGAN. What 'd I say fifty for ? Tin acres and a few head o' cattle. Not a pinny more.

PAT. Go on, man, fifty.

FLANAGAN. Twenty-five.

PAT. Fifty.

FLANAGAN. No, twenty-five.

PAT. Here, let us not be argin'. What'll ye say an' be done with it ?

FLANAGAN. I'll give—— [*A knock at the door.*] Come in.

KELLY [*entering*]. God save all here. Good evenin', Mrs. Flanagan. How is all your care ?

mé aς τράττ λιθ αρ ball φαοι, γάρτα cleammar a véanam leat féin aςur le míceál óá bráγaó ré rphé cothom uaid.

Míceál. Tiubhraró mé fíce punt rphé óuit le nóra aςt ní féaorainn níor mó a éadaíre.

Ράόραic. Αι ποόίγ, a míceál, beaó náíre oírt fíce punt a éairíuríuríur, aςur cáil oírt go brúil tú veíreamáil. Abaíre leít-éaó punt αι a laςaó.

Míceál. Cía óó a o-tiubhrainn leít-éaó punt? aςur γan aςat aςt tpi nó ceaéaiíre ve éeannaió beaγa beítíóeaé aςur veíé n-aςra talíman. Ní tiubhraró mé píγínn eile óuit.

Ράόραic. Á! ná bí aς caint, a óuine, aςt véan an leít éaó ve.

Míceál. Óeamán, véanam, maíre. Díóó ré in a máγaó αι cúíς punt fíceao.

Ράόραic. Níl éan éadaíre óúinn a beaó aς aςγúínteacé níor fúíre. Céaro ír fearíí a éíς leat a véanam aςur bíóómuíre píró leír.

Míceál. Tiubhraró mé—— [Buailéann óuine eicínt an oírar]. Taparó írteaé.

Tomár Ó Ceallaiς [aς teaé írteaé]. Go mbeannuíγíó Día aníreo. Cía'n éaoi a brúil tupa, a brúíó, aςur vo éúram uilíς.

Íao αι φαο í γcuíreacé. Go mbeannuíγíó Día aςur múíre óuit féín, a Tomáir.

Brúíó. Tá muíre uilíς go pí-maít plán an té a fíaríuíγear. Taparó anuar aníreo aςur fúíó aς an teíníó [Sochuíγeann pí caéaoíí óó, píora beaγ amaé o'n γCoírealbáé]. Bí ráóραic mac Coírealbá aςur fearí an tíγe aς aςγúínteacé φαοí luac ítoic, nuair a bí tú aς tíγeaé írteaé, aςur tá faíteíor oírm náé nóeanaró píao éan máγaó. Céaro vo méar féín, a Tomáir, a mb'fíú tpi cinn ve beítíóíγíó, aςur cúíς cinn ve éaoíγíó?

Tomár. Síí muíre náé bréaorainn inníreacé óuit γan íao a fíceál, aςt tá mé aς ceapaó óá mbeoír in-a γcinn maíte go píacfaoír tapíainγt αι leít éaó punt.

Ράόραic. Síí é an muíre céaona a bí mé a píó a mb'fíú mo cúíre ítoic féín. Ní píao Míceál aníreo aς tairíuríuríur voíí aςt cúíς punt fíceao. Ánoír fάγφαíó mé aςat féín é, náé píao ré íín tuataé!

Tomár. Go veíííín bí ré beaγ go leor, aςur tá íongííam oírm go nóeanaró fearí cóíí fíúííntacé le Míceál cóíí beaγ íín voíó, a'í go otaíííγeóéaó ré an méíre íín óuit. An brúil fíor aςat an muíre a píabeamán aς caint aírí aς oúl tpearna ná bráííceanna tpié-nóna, a míceál. Díóó ré in-a máγaó eaorainn αι leít-éaó punt.

Ράόραic [go taparó]. Ní féíoríí go píao ré aς véanam máγaíó leat-ra fíeííín.

Brúíó. Glac tú féín go píró, a Ράόραic. Tá ceao aς γac uile óuine an máγaó ír fearíí a éíς leír, a véanam óó féín, aςur bí-féíoríí óá nóeanaró míceál aςur Tomár rochíγaó le éeíle píoíí mé, náé mbeaó ócáíre oíra a oúl aς aonac ná nóulaγ.

ALL. God save ye kindly, Tom.

MRS. FLANAGAN. We're all first rate, thanks be to God, an' you for askin'. Come down an' have a hate o' the fire. [*Places a chair some distance from Costello.*] Pat Costello an' himsel' are argin' over the price o' stock, an' I'm thinkin' they won't agree. What do ye think three head o' cattle an' five sheep 'd be worth yersel' ?

KELLY. It 'd depind. I'm not aigual to givin' an answer in a minute, but I'm thinkin' that wan cow an' a heifer an' six sheep 'd be worth about fifty pounds.

COSTELLO. The very thing I'm sayin' me own stock 'ud be worth. But sure, Mike, here, says twenty-five, an' that 'ud be mane.

KELLY. O' course it's mane. Sure Mike is too dacint a man to offer such a dirty bit o' money as that. Mesel' an' Mike were havin' a talk this evenin' comin' from the fields, an' I'm willin' to take fifty.

COSTELLO [*quickly*]. Faith, maybe he was strikin' a bargain with you, too.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Aisy now, Pat. Every man has a right to make the best bargain he can, an' couldn't Mike and Tom over there be savin' thimsel's the trouble o' goin' to the Christmas fair.

COSTELLO. Ah, it's all very fine. The same bargain can't be made with two people at the same time.

FLANAGAN [*stretching himself, taking the pipe from his mouth and standing up*]. There's no bargain made with any man yet, an' if people don't know how to be civil, there won't be any bargain, aither.

MRS. FLANAGAN [*coming forward quickly*]. Don't be gettin' contrary now. Come an' we'll have a game an' settle it.

FLANAGAN. Sure we haven't a deck o' cards since ye swept out th' only pack yersel'.

MRS. FLANAGAN [*turning her back on the two visitors, and shaking her hand warningly at FLANAGAN to drop the subject*]. We' then, now, you an' your cards. We'll play at the sieve an' make out who'll they be marrid to.

KELLY. Airah, don't be goin' on with your pishrogues.

MRS. FLANAGAN. There's no pishrogues at all. It's always done o' a November night. I got Mike's name whin we were coortin'—didn't I, Mike ?

FLANAGAN. Faith ye did, however ye managed it.

MRS. FLANAGAN [*going to the wall and taking down the sieve*]. Sure,

páiríais [go feargac]. Tá ré rin ceart go leor agat-ra a bean geanamail, áit ciall éadai a bfeadfaid ré margac a déanam le beirt ran am céadna.

Míceál [as tógbail an píopa ar a déal, agus dá fínead féin, eirígeann ré in-a fearaí]. Níl éan margac déanta le fear ar bit fóir, agus ní déir áit oiréad, mar mbíro cuio de na daoinib níor muinte ná tá ríad.

Bhíro [as ceat 'un láirínead]. Bíro ciall agaid agus ná bíro ag eiríge feargac mar rin. Eiríro ar támall, agus déir cluicé adainn a focrócar é.

Míceál. Ní éis linn éan cluicé a beir adainn mar níl éan éarad ra ceat. Cuio tura na cinn a bí ann amad.

Bhíro [agus a oiríom iompuicé aici ar páiríais agus ar Comár. Cuiréann sí ríad a láim ag bairíar ar míceál gan an ríeal a cuio níor cuio]. Ná bí ag caint ar vo cuio cáirad. Imrócaro mío cluicé leir an hoilleán, agus déir fóir adainn na h-ainm-nead a déar ar na mnáib a geodpar an beirt fear ós reo.

Comár. Ara ná bí ar ríad le vo cuio píreógaí mar rin, a bhíro.

Bhíro. Ní píreógaí ar bit é. Deantar é reo i geomnuiré ar oiréad Samna. Ríad mío amad ainm míceál mar rin, ríad ar fóir mé, nac bfuairéar anoir, a míceál.

Míceál. M'anam mío go ríad fóir agat é, ar cuma ar bit céibí caoi a bfuair tú amad é.

Bhíro [as dul anonn go oiréad an balla, agus ag tógbail anuar an hoilleán]. O'íre ré liom go h-ádamail ar éan éadai, áit ir oiréad méiréad go ríad ré i noán déinn a míceál ó, nac bfuicinn amad é. Gabairé i leir anreod anoir a fearaí, agus déan mar déarpar mío líb [daineann sí anuar ríorúir de'n oiríorú agus ráiteann sí na lannai ircead i bpoli ra geairéal atá ar an hoilleán, áit ríadann sí an áit ríad vo méiréad ircead ra ríorúir ríota mar amad]. Suiríro ar agaid a céile anoir, agus cuiríro gac éan déine agaid báir méiré a láim veiré ríad coirnéal na b'áinm atá ar an ríorúir. [Suiréann ríad ar agaid a céile, agus cuiréann an Coirnéalbac an méiré amad, áit ir i an oiréad a cuiréar an Ceallac amad.] Bhíro [as beir ar láim an Ceallac agus ag tairíngat a méiré amad]. Ara, a déine, nac i rin t'oiréad a bí amuig agat i leabair vo méiré. Tá tú ceart anoir. Féad anreod, a Comár, nuair a déar an hoilleán focuicé adainn-ra déarpar tura na focla reo rá éirí, in mo déir, "Abuicéann naomí ríadann ríad níra a déar ar mo bean."

páiríais. Féad anreod, a Bhíro, níl tú ag imírt ceart liom-ra. Cía tá ag déanam amad níra ód, com méirí rin.

Bhíro. Mío nac oiréad leat ríro deas a beir agat, a páiríais. Tírepar o'am-ra ar ball.

Comár. Agus ceart a éirécar nuair a déarpar mé na focla rin.

Bhíro. A geiréann ríad anoir é, mar déir de nac o-tuigeann

it was me luck, Mike, a *mhic*, an' that's all the managin' that was in it. Now, min, ye're to do what I tell ye. [*Takes a scissors off a shelf near and sticks the blades through one of the openings in the sieve, leaving the circular parts well up.*] Sit opposite each other now and let the edges o' the handles rest on the tips o' the first finger o' yer right hands.

[*They sit opposite. COSTELLO puts out his forefinger, KELLY his thumb.*]

MRS. FLANAGAN [*catching KELLY's hand and pulling out his forefinger*]. Arrah, man, whin did ye make yer thumb yer finger? There now, that's right. Now, Tom, whin I fix the sieve you're to say after me, three times, "St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora."

COSTELLO. An' who said it would be? Now, ma'am, that's too much entirely.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Arrah, shut up, Pat. Your turn 'll come, too.

KELLY. An' what'll happen whin I say it?

MRS. FLANAGAN. Do ye hear him now? The same as if he doesn't know himsel'. Don't ye know as well as I do that whin ye say thim words, if the name ye mintion be the name o' the future wife, the sieve 'll jump off yer finger.

KELLY [*with a shamefaced look*]. Musha, it's only a game for childre, but I suppose there's somethin' in it.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Ye suppose there's somethin' in it! How wise ye are. I'm oulder than ye, an' I never knew it to make a mistake. Now, are ye ready? [*The door opens, and NORA, carrying a can, enters, accompanied by FATHER MARTIN.*] Ah, but yer very welcome, Father Martin.

[*All stand up.*]

FATHER MARTIN. Sit down, my friends. Thank you, Mrs. Flanagan. How are you all this evening? I met this little lamb here straying about with a can of water, so I helped her along with it. It was quite a delightful picture, the Beast helping the Beauty in distress—wasn't it, Nora, a *leanbh*?

MRS. FLANAGAN. Ah, now, yer reverence, don't be callin' yersel' names. Sure, Nora was only too pleased to have ye along 'ith her. She'll be wantin' somewan to look after her now, I'm thinkin'.

ré féin é, comh maith lé ean uaine ra teac. Nac bfuil fíor astat nuair a véarfar tú na focla rin, má abruigeann tú an t-ainm a déar ar an mnáoi a déar astat, go léimpeo an poilleán de oo méir.

Tomár [aasur goaó reafóirveac ar a éaóan]. Ceapaim nac bfuil annreo acé reafóir, acé b'féirir go bfuil briú eicint ann na óiair rin.

Briúir. Tá tú aas véanaí amac sur reafóir tá ann. Nac cionna an maire óó anoir é! Ir rine mipe ná tura, aasur ní faca mé aas uil amuó ariamh é. An bfuil ríó méir anoir. [For-áluigítear an uoir aasur tagann nóia irteac aasur canna in-a láimh aici, aasur an t-ádaí Máirtín in-aoirveac léite]. Maire oo ceao míle fáilte, a ádaí Máirtín.

[Éirígeann ríao ar ríao in-a rearamh.]

An t-ádaí Máirtín. Go raib maith astat, a Briúir. Ná corruir, ríóiríóir ríor mar bí ríó. Cian éaoi a bfuil ríó uilí lé céile annreo anóc? Capaó liom nóia annreo tamall maith o'n teac, aasur uadairt mé liom féin go nveanraim a h-foólacan ádaile, mar níor maith liom go mbeaó rí amuig léite féin comh veirveannaó reo.

Briúir. Maire go raib míle maith astat, a ádaí Máirtín, baó ceairt oo nóia a beaó buirveac óíot sur éuir tú tú féin ar oo bealaó mar rin ví, acé ir ádaí anoir go mbéir uaine eicint aici féin lé aipe a ádaírt ví.

An t-ádaí Máirtín. An aas briaé í a fágaíl pórtá acá ríó?

Míceál. Bíomar aas cuimhuígaó air, a ádaí.

An t-ádaí Máirtín. Tá an ceairt astat, a Míceál, acé tá ríóil agam go bfuiríóir ríó ream maith oo nóia. Cieruim go raib cleara eicint ar bun aasair nuair a éainic mé irteac. Má bí, téiríóir ar ágaí leobta, aasur na bacair liom-ra. Níl uócar ar bí ríoinnt deas ríamra a beir ar ríuóal aasair, oróce áaimna. Sé gnár na tíne é.

Briúir. Ceall nac ríóiríóir tú ríor tamall, a ádaí.

An t-ádaí Máirtín. Suríreao, aasur fáilte go raib maith astat-ra [Suríreann ríao ar ríao acé Briúir aasur nóia, a bfuil a uhuim iompuiríte aici leir an mboir]. Céaro é reo a bí ríó a imirte, a míceál.

Míceál. Ó bí an máiríreáir ar ríuóal lé clearaí reafóirveac leir an mbeirt fear ós a feicear tú annrin. Bí rí aas ráó leobta go bfuiríóir amac leir an poilleán na h-ainmneaca a beaó ar na mnáí a déar aca. Tá an poilleán annrin in a láimh aici, aasur cig leat féin é a feiceál. Tá raicéir oim sur uona na buacailí íao, aasur áir a ádaírt uiréí, aasur go ácairíóir tú a h-ainmneaca a álaóac amac o'n álóir Dia Domnaig.

An t-ádaí Máirtín. Níl ríao comh uona rin; buacailí maite reileamnaaca acá in ráóraic aasur Tomár, acé rílim sur oo Briúir a áairtear mé an ríóillao a ádaírt raóí a beir aas múnao ríreóga óóir. Téirveao ríó ar ágaí leir na clearaí ar éan nóir

FATHER MARTIN. Why, are you thinking of getting her settled down ?

FLANAGAN. Well, we're talkin' about it, Father Martin.

FATHER MARTIN. Ah ! that is right, Michael. But I hope you will get some man who will be a good husband to Nora. But I broke up some game on you. That is really too bad. Don't mind me. Go on with your amusement. It is November night, and everyone honours it, you know.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Won't you sit down for a while, yer reverence.

FATHER MARTIN. Thank you, with pleasure. [*Sits down near table. All sit except MRS. FLANAGAN and NORA, who has her back to the table, having put the can on the rail underneath.*] What are you playing, Michael ?

FLANAGAN. Oh, the missis there was puttin' a lot o' nonsense into the heads o' these two boys. She's tellin' thim that if they let the scissors rest on the tips of their fingers an' mention the names o' the girl that they're to be married to the sieve 'll jump off their hands. She has it there in her hand, an' ye can see for yersel'. They're terrible boys altogether, yer reverence, an' I'm afeard that ye'll have to call them off the altar.

FATHER MARTIN. Oh, nothing so terrible as that, Michael. Tom and Pat here are hard-working fellows, but I think I'll have to give Mrs. Flanagan a scolding for teaching them such nonsense. Continue your game in any case. I'll be interested to see what wild guesses the sieve—or is it Mrs. Flanagan ?—will give at the names of the future wives of my friends.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Aitah, Father Martin, ye were young yersel'. Sure if we don't enjoy oursel's whin we're young we'll never do it—not that I'm young ; sure anywan lookin' at Nora, a fine big girl, God bless her, 'ud laugh at me pretendin' to be young—but Pat an' Tom is. Onl' people like mesel', an' Mike an' yersel', yer reverence, had our day, an' we won't begrudge the youngsters. Now, Tom, fix the sieve. Don't be shy o' Father Martin. He'll be waitin' for ye to give him the word wan' o' those days. [*A knock at the door.*] Come in. [*Enter BRENDAN.*] You're welcome, Mr. MacCarthy, an' how are ye this fine evenin' ?

BRENDAN. Thank you, Mrs. Flanagan, I am well, I'm glad to say. I was passing and heard Father Martin laughing, so I thought

go bfeicfrómro na h-ainmneacha! a déar ar na mnáib, a vóanfar an poilleán amach uár gcáirteib annreo, no bfeirir suirab i bhuigro i féin a vóanfar é.

Bhuigro. Maire leis úinn anoir, a dtair máirtín, ar nois bí tú féin ós real. Mar mbíó gheann agus riampa agáinn an far a'r támuir ós, ní déir ré agáinn go bráta. Siar tomár agus pádruic atá i gceirt agáinn atá ós, mar ní eis liom féin a vóanam amach go bfuil mé mar rin anoir; bean a bfuil ingean aici com móir lé nóia, bail ó Dia uirte. Seanraoine mar mé féin, agus micheál, agus tú féin, a dtair, a maid gheann agus riampa agáinn lé linn ar n-óige féin, níor ceart uinn a tógáil ar vóainib ós má bionn poinnit deas gheann ar bun aca. Socruig an poilleán, a tomár, agus ná bíó cuilivóact ar bit or, poim an dtair máirtín. Déir rúil aige go tobann, lá eicint ve na laeteannraib reo, lé blaosa a pádruic uair le tú a párao [bualao ag an vóar]. Tairio irteac [tagann bheannrao irteac]. Maire vo céao míle fáilte a rin óis. Cian caoi a bfuil tura anocht.

Bheannrao. Go maid míle maí agat, a bhuigro, tá mé go han-ceart. Bí me ag vail tair an vóar agus cuilao mé an t-dtair máirtín ag gáige agus vóair mé liom féin go vóicrao irteac. Tá rúil agam nac bfuil mé ag vóanam liocáirte oiraid ag bheannrao ar tomár agus ar pádruic. Go mbeannrao Dia vóio a fearaí, ir maí liom gheann agus riampa a feiceál ar bun agat. Go mbeannrao Dia vóirte, a nóia. Cian caoi a bfuil tú?

Bhuigro. Maire go veimín níl tú ag vóanam liocáirte ar bit oirainn-ne, a bheannrao. Nac rúirio tú ríor?

Bheannrao. Ní rúiríeo, go maid maí agat-ra, a bhuigro. Seairao mé annreo in aice leis an dtair máirtín agus congbóair mé go rocar é. Ir móir an fear magair é nuair a coraigeat ré. Céaro é reo a bí rí a imirt. Seao, an Roilleán vóairvóacta. Sean-cleat o'n vóinn é, agus ir far ó nac bfacea mé ar bun é. Oirvóio líd agus ná cuirim-re cúl oiraid.

Bhuigro. Vómar ag brat fácaint céaro atá inoán vo tomár. Socruig an ríorúir ar vo méir anoir, a tomár, agus vóanrao tura an cleat céaoa a pádruic. [Socruigtear an poilleán]. Abair na focla anoir.

Tomár abruigeann naoim reoair gur nóia a déar ar mo bean [geitean. Bheannrao lúbann ré féin irteac go vó an áit a mabaoir]. Ní corruigeann an poilleán.

Bhuigro. Tá tura réir ar cuma ar bit, a tomár. Ní vóairio an poilleán amúda ariam. Abair na focla tura anoir, a pádruic. Pádruic. abruigeann naoim reoair gur nóia a déar ar mo bean [Ní corruigeann an poilleán].

Bheannrao. An bfuil áir agat-ra ar an ngnáir reo, a bhuigro. Bhuigro. An bfuil áir agam air in eao? Cao cuige nac mbeao. An t-dtair máirtín. Ó! Ó! a bhuigro.

Bheannrao. Sílim go bfuil an ceart agat-ra, a bhuigro. mar

I'd drop in. I hope I'm not in the way. Good evening, men; glad to see you enjoying yourselves. Good evening, Nora; how are you?

MRS. FLANAGAN. Musha, faith, you're not the laist bit in the way, Mr. Brendan. Won't you sit down?

BRENDAN. No, thank you, Mrs. Flanagan. I'll just stand here near Father Martin and keep him quiet. He is such a terrible man, you know. What is this you're playing? The Magic Sieve! An interesting old rite. It is a long time since I saw its merit tried. Don't let me stop you.

MRS. FLANAGAN. We were goin' to try Tom's fortune, here. Now, Tom, fix the scissors on the edge o' yer finger, an' you, Pat, do the same. [*Sieve is fixed.*] Now, say the words.

TOM. St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora. [*Repeats three times.*]

[BRENDAN starts and bends forward eagerly. The sieve does not stir.]

MRS. FLANAGAN. You're done for, at any rate, Tom. It never makes a mistake. Now, Pat, say the words.

PAT. St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora. [*Three times.*]

[*The sieve does not stir.*]

BRENDAN. Do you believe in this, Mrs. Flanagan?

MRS. FLANAGAN. Do I believe in it? O' coorse I do.

FATHER MARTIN. Tut, tut, Mrs. Flanagan.

BRENDAN. All right. I have a notion that it'll tell my fortune. Let me try in any case. Would you mind my taking your place, Pat? [*He sits down and takes the sieve.*] Thanks. Now, Tom, keep very steady. "St. Peter says my wife's name is Nora." [*Three times.*]

[*The sieve swings slightly, and all bend forward with interest. Then it jumps a little and falls to the ground. (This can be done by raising the fore part of the finger slightly from its rigid position and giving it a quick jerk upwards.)*]

ALL. Oh-h-h-h!

FATHER MARTIN. Who is the happy Nora, Brendan?

BRENDAN. She is here, Father Martin. [*Crosses and takes NORA's hand.*] I came here with the intention of asking her parents' consent

τά ρέ θά ϕεκεάλ ὅμοιο ὅμοιο ρέ ἀμαρὶς ἀτά ἰσὺν
 ὅμοιο. ρέκεαίρὸ μέ λειρ ἀρὶ ἔκτα ἀρὶ βίτ. ἀν μίρσε λεατ μέ
 λειρσεανν ἰν τ'αίτ, ἀ ράθραϊς [ἑυρθεανν ρέ ρίορ ἀγυρ τήγσεανν ρέ
 ἀν ποίλλεάν]. ὅμοιο μαίτ ἀγασ. ἀνοίρ, ἀ τὸμαίρ, κογδβυίς
 ροκαίρ τῷ ρέιν. “ἀβρυίσεανν ἡσὸν ρεαυαίρ γυρ νόρμα ἀ θεαίρ ἀρὶ
 μο θεαν.” [τορμυίσεανν ἀν ποίλλεάν ἀγ υἱὸς ὁ ἑαὸς ὅμοιο ταὸς, ἀγυρ
 κρομᾶνν ρίαν ἰρτεαὶ ἀγ ὕρεατρυγὰς ἀρὶ. ἀννρῖν εἰρμυίσεανν ρέ
 ὅμοιο λέιμ ἀγυρ τυτεανν ρέ ρίορ ἀρὶ ἀν ταλαίμ].

[Τίς ἡ οὐνὴ ἐρεο ἀ θεανᾶν μὰ δαινεανν ρέ κροαὶ
 θεαίρ ἀρὶ ἀν ἀτ ἀτά ἰ μβαρρ ἀ μέρσε ἀρὶ ὅμοιο, ἀγυρ κροαὶ
 νόιρ ρεαίρ ἀγυρ νόιρ τοδαινε ἀ δαινε ἀρὶ ἀρῖτ]

ἡα ὁαοίνε υἱίς. ὀ! ὀ! ὀ!

ἀν τ-ἀταίρ μάιρτῖν. ἀν' ἡ νόρμα ἰρεο ἀ μβέρι ἀν οἰρεαυ ρῖν ὅμοιο
 ἀὸ υἱίς, ἀ ὕρεαννοᾶν.

ὕρεαννοᾶν. ἰρ ρεο ἰ ἀννρεο ἰ, ἀ ἀταίρ μάιρτῖν [τέρθεανν ρέ
 ἀνὸν ἀγυρ βεῖρεανν ρέ ἰν γνείμ, λείμ ἀρὶ νόρμα]. ἑάνικ μέ
 ἀννρεο ἀνοῖτ ἡεαυ ἀ ράγαιλ ὁ μίκεάλ ἀγυρ ὁ ὕμυρ, νόρμα ἀ
 ὁρὰς. ὅμοιο αἱλῖρθεατ οἰμ ἀν ἰγέαλ ἀ ἑαρμῖνγετ ἀνναίρ γυρ ἑυς
 ἀν κλειρ ρῖν λειρ ἀν ποίλλεάν βεαλαὶ ὅμοιο.

μίκεάλ. ἡ ἑυθρῖαίρὸ μέ νόρμα ὅμοιο, ἀ ὕρεαννοᾶν. ἡίρ ρῖ ἰν ἀ
 θεαν ράταὶ ἀρὸνὸρὰς ἀγ ὅμοιο λειτῖρ, ἀγυρ νόιρ μαίτ ἡομ ὅμοιο
 μβείρρεα ἀγ ὕρεανᾶν οἰμρῖς ὅμοιο.

ὕρεαννοᾶν. τὰ γράδ ἀγᾶν ἀρὶ νόρμα, ἀ μίκεάλ, ἀγυρ ρεαίρ
 υἱίσεανν υἱαίρ ἰ ἀ ὁρὰς.

μίκεάλ. ὅμοιο ὕρῖα ἰ ἡ ἑυθρῖαίρ ὅμοιο μάταίρ ρῖγῖν μῖαὸς ὅμοιο,
 ἀγυρ ἀννρῖν βα ὀίττε ἀν ρεαίρ τῷ ἡα τὸμαίρ τάλ. ἑαίρ ἀ ὕρεαίρ
 ρῖ ἡαίρ ἀ κλειρρεαίρ ρῖ γυρ ἑάνικ τῷ ἀγ μο ἑαὶ-ρα ἀρὶ ἀν
 ὁαίρ ρεο.

ὕρεαννοᾶν. τὰ ρίορ αἱτῖ ἑεανᾶ ἐ.

μίκεάλ. ἀγυρ—

ὕρεαννοᾶν. ἑυς ρῖ ἑεαν ἀν ὀάταίρ ὅμοιο.

μίκεάλ. ὅμοιο ρίορ ἀγᾶν-ρα γυρ μαίρ ρῖν ἀ θεαὸς ρέ. ἡίρ ταυᾶ
 ἀγασ ἀνοίρ, ἀ ὕρεαννοᾶν, ἑαρ ἀν ὕρεαίρ ἰρ ὀίττε ρῖ τῖρ ἀγυρ ἀν' ἡ
 γᾶρ ὅμοιο ἀ βείτ ἀγ καίτ. ἡεαίλ τῷ νόρμα ἑεανᾶ ἡ ὅμοιο κλειρ
 καίτ; ἀγυρ βαὸ ἑεαίρ ὅμοιο ἀ θεαὸς ράττα λειρ ρῖν, γᾶν ἀν ἰγέαλ
 ἀ ὕρεανᾶν νόιρ μερα.

ὕρεαννοᾶν. ρεαίρ ὅμοιο λῖαίρ μέ, ἀτά τοίρεαίρ ἀρὶ ἑέβι
 ὀαίρ ἀ ἑυρραίρ ἰν μο βεαλαὶ ἀ ὕρεανᾶν ἀρὶ ἑαοί ὅμοιο μβέρι μέ ἰσὺν
 μο θεαν ἀ ὅμοιο. τὰ ἀν οἰρεαυ ἀγᾶν ἑεανᾶ ἀρὶ ὕρεανρα ἰγᾶταίρ
 ρῖν.

μίκεάλ. τὰ καίτ μαίτ ἀγασ, ἀτ ἡ ὕρεαίρὸ ρέ ρῖν ὅμοιο.
 καίτρὸ μέ ρεαίρ ἀ ράγαιλ ὅμοιο νόρμα ἀ μβέρι ρεαὶ ἀγυρ γᾶβαλταίρ ἀγ
 ἡ ἡα ταδαιρτ ἰρτεαὶ ἀν, ἀγυρ θεαὸς ρῖν ἀγ ἑεαίρ ὅμοιο βείτ
 ὕρεαίρ ρῖν τάλ ἀτά ράττα κλειρρᾶν ἀ ὕρεανᾶν ἡομ. τὰ ἀίτ
 ἀγυρ ὅμοιο ἀγᾶν οἰτ, ἀ ὕρεαννοᾶν, ἀγυρ ἰρ ρεαίρ ἀ ὕρεαίρ
 ἑεαίρ ἀα ὅμοιο νόρμα ἡα ἑυρα.

ὕρεαννοᾶν. ἑαυ ἑυίσε ἡα γᾶκ γᾶκῖσεανν ταίρ ἡομ, ἀ ὕμυρ?

to my marrying her. I could not bring myself to do it, and did not know how to broach the subject. This game of the sieve gave me the opportunity of breaking the silence, and I have taken it.

FLANAGAN. Mr. MacCarthy, this can't be. Nora isn't in your station at all, an' I don't want any playin' with her.

BRENDAN. Michael, I love Nora, and I want to make her my wife.

FLANAGAN. But if you do the missis won't give you a fraction, an' then you wouldn't be as well off even as Tom there. What'll she say when she hears you came here ?

BRENDAN. She knows my intention already.

FLANAGAN. And——

BRENDAN. And she has cut me off.

FLANAGAN. I knew. Now, Mr. Brendan, sure y'arent worth a' *traithin* this minute. Where's the use in talkin'. Ye've turned Nora's head with your fine talk, an' ye ought to be content with that, an' not make matters worse.

BRENDAN. I have strong hands and a willing heart. What little I have will set us going, an' I'll be happy in slaving night and day for my wife.

FLANAGAN. That's nice, now, but I want to see Nora settled down nate and comfortable, an' either o' thim two boys there is willin' to come to terms with me. I know thim, Mr. MacCarthy, an' any wan o' them 'll suit Nora better, with all due respects to you, sir.

BRENDAN. Mrs. Flanagan, can I appeal to you ?

MRS. FLANAGAN. Sure, I can't do anythin'. Whin himsel' takes a thing into his head he's as obstinate as a mule. I don't know what to do. I got Mike's name in the sieve, an' we were marrid.

FLANAGAN. Arrah, don't be makin' a fool o' yersel', woman. It's no use.

BRENDAN. My God ! Nora, a *stoirin*, will you not help me to prevent this wrong ?

[NORA turns and hides her face on his shoulder.]

FLANAGAN. That does for a while, but love, as ye call it, won't boil the pot. It is no use, Mr. MacCarthy. Go your own way. Ye'll forget Nora by-an'-by, an' ye'll be glad ye took my advice.

BRENDAN [with energy]. No ! I'll marry Nora in spite of you all. With your consent or without it.

Ծիցիւ. Բի ոսոյն նի շից Լիւմ-րա շաճա Ե ծննան. իսկ Ե
շուշանն թէ շաճա Ին Ե ծնան նի ծիւրթա՞ծ Բն թոճալ թէն Բր Է.
Ո՞ր իօր Դճան ծնաւ Ե ծնարք մե. իսկ իրք Բնմ իմեճալ Բր
Բն թուլեճն, Դճր թոճա՞ծ ինն.

մի՞ճձալ. ճի՞ծ շա՛տ աստ, աստ ընձի աստ օրորի՞ց ճի՞ծ քնն
 արձան մեճաճ քն, Ե ճի՞ծ. ընձ ճի՞ծ օրոր.

Bréannóán. Is fearr óuit, a Nóra, a ríóirín, gan áirí a tabairt
 ar an bfeair ceann nána rin, is áirí óuit. [Iompuráíonn Nóra
 áirí agus cionnann sí ríor a héadan ar a sualaínn.]

Míceál. ní déanfaid an obairín rin áit tamall, mar ní tús leat
 gráó a coinneál ruar san rliúe eicint agat leir. níl ean éadairín
 duit a deat ag fanacht níor fuise annheo, agus ir feadhín duit a
 deit ag iméacht. Déanfaid tú dearmad ar nóra amach annheo,
 agus níot tú buíodach níot féin, gur élad tú mo comairle.

Θεαννοῦάν. τί ἔλατται μέ το κοίμαιντε. πόρρειο μέ νόμα
 ζαν διυθεάσαι τοαοιδ δι φαο, διοθ τυρα γάρτα νό ná βιοθ.

Míceál. Bíodh an tubairte annsin agat [beannann ré ar
Dheannadóin, aet céirdeann an t-ádhair Máirtín eadonna, agus
éoinnigeanann ré riar é]. Ní cuipiró gláiméir ar bíe uair
raicéirí oim-pa. Meiréad an t-ádhair Máirtín cuipirinn—
[Cuipiréad an uoirar irtead go valbaig, agus táinnic mádhair
Dheannadóin irtead do fíollad pa gaircinnig. Dheannadóin
uair uairí lé h-iongantar. Deairc pí timceall uairí ar fead
móiméir.]

bean míc ó. [μάταιη ὑπεανοῖν]. Cá bfuil ὑπεανοῖν, a ὑπεανοῖν a míc, cá bfuil tú?

mičedat. Tā pē anpreo, ađur bađ čearc ʒo mbeađ múnad nior
 pearri ađat ari, ná ʒo mbeađ pe ađ veanađ oinpeađ vo čarlínib
 beađa mađi nóra.

Θρεανντόν [αγ' ουλ τηρεarna zo uti an áit a παρθ' a μάταιη; θί
a láma pinte amac áici-re παοι na óéint]. Tá θράδ' agam ví a
míceáil, agur caitepó mé í a págail zo zcomvuziú mé í an παο
a'r mairnear mé.

ὁμοῖο [ἀς οὐλ ἀνοητ γο ὅτι να φαρ ἀγυρ ἀς βρεῖτ δι α λάιμ].
 Ζεῖλλ ὁό, α ἡιχεαῖλ ὁ, β' φέροιη γο μβαῶ ἐ δι λεαρ δι φαῶ ἐ.

míceál [o'íompuiḡ míceál 'o leiríu ar taob na láime veire
 go h-ínniúeac. Capann ré taip aríre]. Céaró a deanfar mé cor
 ar bit. Tá tú féin agur nóra as cuioiúu leir, agur éalairé
 tú uairé féin ar ball gur obair a málaip cuio nó maoin a
 éadairé uó cia'n éaoi a ngeílirinn—

Dean mhic C. Raftair mé riar ra muo a súdairt mé. Ó, a
 Dheannóidín, tabair mairteanar 'do do máthair. ní beithín beo
 le cúnaird in 'do d'iarú dá n-imigheáit uaim. I' fearrín atá fíor
 agat féin an muo a feilpear óuit, agus deán é. má glacann
 nóra tú, bíod' í agat; bíod' mo deannact ag an mbeirt agaid,
 agus bíod' céad míle fáilte dóimín 'do oí' mo teac-
 ar.

míceál [ʒo maʊamail]. ní béiró ré chíocnuigte gan míre a
 ceauşáó faoi. ní béiró an éliamain aḡam-ra a beaó aḡ caiteam,

FLANAGAN. You be damned. [*Rushes at BRENDAN. FATHER MARTIN steps between and waves him back.*] Your fine talk won't frighten me. Only for Father Martin I'd——

[*The door is pushed violently in and MRS. MACCARTHY rushes into the kitchen. All turn and look at her in astonishment. She gazes round for a moment.*]

MRS. MACCARTHY. Where is Brendan ? Brendan, my son !

FLANAGAN. He is there, ma'am, an' ye ought to have taught him better than makin' fools o' young girls like Nora.

BRENDAN [*crossing over to MRS. MACCARTHY, who has stretched out her hands to him*]. I love her, Michael, and I want to protect her for life.

MRS. FLANAGAN [*going up to her husband and catching his arm*]. Mike, a stoir, maybe it'd be for the best.

FLANAGAN [*moves towards right in perplexity ; turns again*]. What am I to do ! Nora, an' you are sidin' with him, an' ye heard him sayin' that the missis, there, had cast him off. How can I agree ?

MRS. MACCARTHY. I withdraw it. Oh, Brendan, you will forgive your poor old mother, won't you ? I could not bear the thought of your going from me like that. You know best. If Nora will have you, take her and God bless you. My home will be hers, too.

FLANAGAN [*doggedly*]. But I'm to be considered. I wouldn't be looked down on be anybody. Ye won't suit us poor people. It won't do.

[*MRS. FLANAGAN raises her hands in despair, and crosses slightly to left.*]

BRENDAN. Father Martin—Mrs. Flanagan—will you try to persuade him ?

FATHER MARTIN. Michael, you are the only one standing between this young couple. Brendan is a good young man, and a suitable match for Nora, who loves him, as I can see, and you ought to consider that ; besides [*smiling, and laying his hand on FLANAGAN'S shoulder*] you have a belief in pishroques in your composition, stern as you are. You saw how the sieve foretold this union as Mrs. Flanagan tells me it foretold your own. Can't you let history repeat itself in your family.

FLANAGAN. But——

ταρσιυρνε οχη παοι α θετ βοττ ; μαρ ριν, νί ρελεανν μυρο τά
 céile. [Cuir bhrígio ruar a dá láim go buadarta, agus cuairt
 trearna beagán do taob na láime clé.]

Bréannóán. A ádair mairtín, agus a bhrígio, féadaiisí lé
 comairle a cur air.

An t-Ádair mairtín. Sílim náir ceart óuit a beaó com m-
 tuirgionac ρin, a míceáil, μαρ ρεiceap tú nac bhuil ag uul iorir
 an lánamain óis ρeo, áct tú ρéin. Tá bréannóán in-a buadail ós
 zeanamail meapamail, agus déir ré in a toza ρir ag nóra. Cím
 ρéin go bhuil ρí in zráó leir, agus tá ρé mí-ρeileamnac a beaó
 ag cur in-a n-ágaró [ag meangza záime agus ag pázáil a láime ar
 sualaím míceáil]. In-a ceannta ρin tá mé cinnte go n-zéill-
 eann tú do bhrígeois, tar éir nac leizeann tú oht ρéin é. Nac
 braca tú zur táinic ρé amac lé cleap an noilleáin go mbeaó an
 beirt ρeo ρeileamaint dá céile μαρ táinic ρé amac óuit ρéin, agus
 do bhrígio ρao ó. An μυο atá inoán do óaoimib tuiceann ρe
 amac.

míceáil. áct—

nóra. [ag uul trearna cuiz a hatair agus ag cur a dá láim
 tarap ρaoi na muineál]. Ó, a ádair.

míceáil [ρταovann ρé ar ρeao moiméio, agus pógann ρé annρin
 i]. Mairé, go zcuimóócairó Dia agus a mádair beannuizte tú, a
 mairínín, ó tárla go bhuil zráó agat do, cρeivim náir ceart óom
 a cur in ágaró. Ciz leat é a póraó agus déir mo beannact
 agaid.

Bhrígio. Míle buirdeáap do Dia! Cadair do beannact oóib
 anoir, a ádair mairtín, má'r é do toil é.

An t-Ádair mairtín. Tiubhrap agus fáilte, agus ir maiz liom
 zur táinic ρé in mo deaia é a déanam [beiréann ρé ar láim nóra,
 agus cuiréann ρé irteac i láim bréannóáin i]. Tiubhrapó mé mo
 beannact oib ó mo érhoie amac. Ir mipe a bairt an beirt agaid,
 agus tuzaim buirdeáap móρ do Dia zur máir mé pátaó ρaoa le
 ρnaíom an pópta a cur oρmaid. Tá ruil agam go mbéir ρaozál
 ρaoa le ρéan agaid beirt le céile, agus [oρiteann ρé beagán] nac
 noéanpaib ρib veapmap a teact com ρaoa le buir ρean tsagap
 papáirte má bíonn comairle nó congnaím ag tapóáil uaid.

Tomár le páópaic. Tapairó uait adaile. Níl cadair ar bit
 óúinn ρanact níor ρuio annρeo. Daó é an noilleán a ρinne ar
 ρao é, agus níl ρaoa agam-ρa le páó leodta, áct go bhuil ruil
 agam go mbéir an t-áó oρta.

[Orap annap.]

NORA [*crossing and putting her arms round FLANAGAN's neck*].
Father.

FLANAGAN [*hesitates, then kisses her*]. Musha, God and His Blessed
Mother guard you, a *mhuirnin*, I consint.

MRS. FLANAGAN. Thank God. You'll give thim your blessin',
Father Martin, won't ye ?

FATHER MARTIN. With very much pleasure. I am delighted to be
in a position to do so [*takes NORA's hand and places it in BRENDAN's*].
I bless you with all my heart, my dear, dear children. I baptised
you both, and I thank God I shall have the happiness of joining you
in the holy bonds of wedlock. May your lives be long and happy,
and [*with a slight tremor*] may you never forget to come to old Father
Martin if ever you want advice or help.

TOM to PAT. What's the use o' our waitin' here, Pat. 'Twas the
sieve did it all, an' may they have luck.

[CURTAIN.]

NOBLESSE OBLIGE:

AN IRISH RENDERING.

By HORACE PLUNKETT.

Boards 1/- net. Paper cover 6d. net.

"With the eloquence and persuasiveness born of sincerity and great knowledge, and with an unequalled authority . . . Sir Horace Plunkett has just addressed to the members of his class an inspiring appeal."—**SYDNEY BROOKS** (in *The National Review*).

"Sir Horace Plunkett makes this appeal in so temperate and reasonable a way, he shows so much common sense and such knowledge of the problem with which he is dealing—in short, he is so much himself, so consistent with his own record of disinterested patriotism—that we leave it without further comment than an unqualified commendation to our readers. . . . An outsider cannot do better than admire and be silent."—*Spectator*.

IRELAND AND THE HOME RULE

MOVEMENT.

By MICHAEL F. J. McDONNELL. With a Preface by **JOHN REDMOND.** Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 2/- net. Paper cover, 1/- net.

"Mr. McDonnell traverses the whole ground of the controversy between the British Parliament and the Irish Party, dealing in turn with the executive, the land question, the religious question, the educational problem, the financial, social, and political relations between Great Britain and Ireland. He has facts and figures at his finger-ends, and puts his points with much ability, and without an undue use of rhetoric."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"In 'Ireland and the Home Rule Movement' Mr. McDonnell has written a very useful account of the National movement and the social and economic conditions of Ireland to-day."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Eleventh Thousand—Now Ready.

ECONOMICS FOR IRISHMEN.

By "PAT." Cr. 8vo. Antique Paper. 164 pp. Cloth, 2s. net. Paper cover, 1s. net. Contents:—Introduction—Wealth—The Agents of Production—Land—Labour—Capital—Resumé—The Economic Influences of Religion—Suggestions.

"We strongly advise all interested in Ireland to read this book; they will find in it much to think over."—*Catholic Book Notes.*

New Book by the Author of "Economics for Irishmen."

THE SORROWS OF IRELAND.

By "PAT." Cr. 8vo. Paper cover, 1s. net. A limited number of copies in Cloth, 2s. net. Chapters on—The Irish Problem and How I Studied it—Derivation of the Problem—Education—The Leagues—Sinn Féin—Politics—Religion, &c., &c.

"No more moving book than this has been written on Ireland for a century past."—*Publisher and Bookseller.*

THE NEW IRELAND.

SYDNEY BROOKS. Cr. 8vo. Paper cover, 1s. net. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net. Sinn Féin and the New Nationalism—The Gaelic League—The I.A.O.S. and The Industrial Revival—The Politicians—The Church—The Agrarian and some other Problems—Devolution.

"I have nothing but praise for Mr. Sydney Brooks' book on *The New Ireland*. . . . A masterpiece of clear statement and comprehension . . . he is always brilliant, thoughtful, and persuasive. Everybody, both in England and Ireland, ought to read this book."—R. W. L. (*Black and White*).

WHAT IS THE USE OF REVIVING IRISH?

A Review of the Language Movement. By DERMOT CHENEVIX TRENCH. 3d. net.

- CLERICALISED EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

A Plea for Popular Control. By J. H. D. MILLER. 4d. net.

BOOKS BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

Written by STEPHEN GWYNN, and illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. 31 Drawings in black and white and 4 Coloured Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

This book is the record of a pilgrimage to historic and beautiful places in Ireland, so arranged as to give an idea not only of their physical aspect to-day, but also of the history for which they stand. Places have been chosen whose greatest fame was in the days before foreign rule, though often, as at the Boyne, they are associated with the later story of Ireland. In each chapter the whole range of associations is handled, so that each reviews in some measure the whole history of Irish civilisation as it concerned one particular place. But in a fuller sense the chapters are arranged so as to suggest a continuous idea of Irish life, from the prehistoric period illustrated by Cyclopean monuments, down to the full development of purely Irish civilisation which is typified by the buildings at Cashel. Seats of ancient sovereignty like Tara, or of ancient art and learning like Clonmacnoise, are described so as to show what the observer can find to see there to-day, and what the student can learn from native Irish Poetry and annals regarding them.

FISHING HOLIDAYS.

By STEPHEN GWYNN. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Very pleasant volume. . . . The general reader of angling books will find much to interest him; and those thinking of visiting the Donegal district will certainly find many useful hints and alluring accounts of sport."—*Fishing Gazette*.

THE MEMOIRS OF MILES BYRNE.

A new edition with an introduction by STEPHEN GWYNN, M.P. Two vols. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 15s.

"His Memoirs are of incomparable value. Nowhere else can be found such graphic and complete accounts of the action so renowned in Irish Story. The descriptions convince by their reticence and restraint, and by a certain spontaneity in the narrative, which shows Byrne to have been a literary artist of no mean calibre. . . . We cordially commend these two volumes to the study of young Irishmen. . . . The production reflects great credit on the publishers."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"Everyone with a spice of adventure in his composition—and who would care to confess that he has not?—will welcome this handsome reprint."—*Irish Times*.

"The first volume of these Memoirs is as exciting as any tale of imaginary adventure, with the real horrors of a brutal civil war for background. Byrne is no half-hearted partisan; he hates well, but is not unjust, admitting alike the errors committed by his comrades and the decencies of his foes."—*The Academy*.

"His account of those terrible days in Ireland is a fascinating if often gruesome study, and may be recommended as a vivid, if not perhaps calmly impartial, portrayal by an eye-witness of a memorable struggle."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

THE GLADE IN THE FOREST AND OTHER STORIES.

By STEPHEN GWYNN. Cr. 8vo. Irish Linen. 3s. 6d.

"The first tale has a French charm and lightness of touch about it. . . . The two last tales, which are Irish of the Irish, are delightful, and perhaps the strongest in a thoroughly readable book."—*Evening Standard*.

ABBNEY THEATRE SERIES.

Crown 8vo. 1s. net each.

Kincora. By LADY GREGORY.

The Land. By PADRAIC COLUM.

The White Cockade. By LADY GREGORY.

Spreading the News, The Rising of the Moon, by LADY GREGORY ; and **The Poorhouse,** by LADY GREGORY and DOUGLAS HYDE.

The Building Fund. By WILLIAM BOYLE.

POEMS, 1899-1905. By W. B. YEATS.

This volume contains the Plays—*The Shadowy Waters*, *The King's Threshold*, and *On Baile's Strand*, entirely revised and largely re-written, and the collection of Lyrics *In the Seven Woods*. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

DEIRDRE: a Play in One Act. By W. B. YEATS.
(Plays for an Irish Theatre.) Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE FIDDLER'S HOUSE.

A Play in Three Acts. By PADRAIC COLUM. Paper cover. Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.

DEIRDRE.

A Play in Three Acts. By A. E. Royal 16mo. 1s. net.

THE PAGAN.

A Comedy in Two Scenes. By LEWIS PURCELL.
Cr. 8vo. Antique Paper. 1s. net.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

A North of Ireland Play in two Scenes.
By RUTHERFORD MAYNE. 1s. net.

Samhain, 1906. Edited by W. B. YEATS. Containing *Hyacinth Halvey*, by Lady Gregory. 6d. net.

BY J. M. SYNGE. THE ARAN ISLANDS.

By J. M. SYNGE. Large Paper Edition, with Twelve Drawings by JACK B. YEATS, coloured by hand. Cr. 4to. Hand-made paper, limited to 150 copies. 21s. net. Ordinary Edition, Demy 8vo., antique paper (with the Drawings in black and white), 5s. net.

This book records the experience of several lengthy visits paid by the author to Inishmaan and Aranmor, the chief islands of the Aran group. He gives an intimate account of the general manner of life on these islands, so isolated from civilisation, where the life is in some ways the most primitive that is left in Western Europe.

American Press Opinions of Mr. Synge's Work.

"Mr. Synge's plays are the biggest contribution to Literature made by any Irishman in our time. . . . If there is any man living and writing for the stage with youth on his side and the future before him, it is John Synge, whose four plays . . . represent accomplishment of the highest order. It is true that these dramas do deal only with peasants, but they are handled in the universal way that Ibsen used when he made the bourgeois of slow Norwegian towns representative of the human race everywhere . . . it is not only in the avoidance of joyless and pallid words that Mr. Synge has chosen the better part. He has experienced the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality; and so it was just because 'The Playboy' was so true in its presentation of the weaknesses—if weaknesses they can be called—as well as the strength of his men and women, that a furore was raised against it as a sort of satire. . . . The sympathy of the dramatist with his people makes itself felt in spite of his ability to stand apart in detachment from them."—*New York Evening Sun*.

Second Edition now ready.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By J. M. SYNGE. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, with preface and portrait of the Author. 2s. net.

A few Copies of the hand-made paper edition still remain. The Price has been raised to 7s. 6d. net.

"The play, as I read it, is profoundly tragic. . . . It is a tragedy that does not depress—it arouses and dilates. There is cynicism on the surface, but a depth of ardent sympathy and imaginative feeling below, and vistas of thought are opened up that lead from the West of Ireland shebeen to the stars. . . . I said to myself when I had read two pages, 'This is literature,' and when I laid down the book at the last line, 'This is life.'"—

—T. W. Rolleston (*Independent*).

THE WELL OF THE SAINTS.

A Play in Three Acts. By J. M. SYNGE.

Uniform with "The Playboy." Cr. 8vo. 2s. net.

THE TINKER'S WEDDING.

A Play in Two Scenes. By J. M. SYNGE.

Uniform with "The Playboy." Cr. 8vo. 2s. net.

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. THE NORTHERN IRON.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Author of "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," and "Benedict Kavanagh." Cr. 8vo. Antique Paper. Bound in Irish Linen. 6s.

"There can be no doubt that this story will have a great success, for it is intensely alive and holds the interest from start to finish The story is very exciting; the author has a wonderful power of keeping his grip on it and describing the incidents with relentless force."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Its characters are finely drawn and its interest compelling."—*Morning Leader*.

"The book is extremely well done all round, and will be read as much for its engrossing story as for the admirable picture it gives of those stirring times which closed the eighteenth century."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"One of the most readable of recent novels."—*Black and White*.

"Few novels published this season can compare with "The Northern Iron" for breadth of conception and simple effectiveness of treatment."—*Evening Standard and St. James' Gazette*.

CAMBIA CARTY.

By WILLIAM BUCKLEY, Author of "Croppies Lie Down." Cr. 8vo. Irish Linen. 3s. 6d.

"Told with marked literary skill."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Incomparably the best piece of work the author has given us."—*The Outlook*.

THE QUEST.

By JAMES H. COUSINS. 2s. 6d. net. Contains—The Going Forth of Dana: The Sleep of the King: The Marriage of Lir and Niav, &c.

"An imagination filled with haunting and refreshing images . . . expresses a genuine poet's vision in a manner that must win the fastidious critic's praise."—*Black and White*.

THE AWAKENING AND OTHER SONNETS.

By JAMES H. COUSINS. With marginal designs by T. SCOTT. Royal 16mo. Cloth, 1s. net; Paper, 6d. net.

"One of the most beautiful little books I have ever seen—Mr. Cousins has attained a unique mastery over the sonnet."—*Irish News*.

THE GILLY OF CHRIST.

By SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL. With three illustrations by A. M. WENTWORTH SHEILDS. Royal 16mo. Cloth, 1s. net.

"A book full of lyrical beauty."—*Black and White*.

" . . . This new book has in it all the living intensity of the author, and is more finished and better wrought."—*Irish Times*.

THE EGYPTIAN PILLAR.

Poems by EVA GORE BOOTH. Royal 16mo. 1s. net.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Verses by CHARLES WEEKES. Royal 16mo. 1s. net.

WILD EARTH.

A Book of Verse. By PADRAIC COLUM. 1s. net.

"We hope the work of this young poet will be in every country-house in Ireland. If he fulfils the promise of those early verses, he may end by being the most familiar and best loved name in our literature."—*Irish Homestead*.

THE TÁIN,

An Irish Epic told in English Verse. By Mary A. Hutton.

Fcap 4to. Antique Paper. Bound in Irish Linen gilt, gilt top. 10s. 6d. net.

This work is an attempt to tell the whole story of the Táin Bó Cúailngne in a complete and artistic form. The writer, working always from original sources, has taken the L.L. text of the tale as the basis of her narrative, but much material has been worked into its texture, not only from the L.U. version of the Táin and fragments of other versions, but from very many other Irish epic sources. Some of the material so used has not yet been edited. The object always has been to bring out the great human interests of the story in their own Gaelic atmosphere.

The narrative is divided into fifteen books, and there is a short introductory narrative called "The Finding of the Táin," and a short closing narrative called "The Writing of the Táin"; these form a sort of Early Christian frame to the great Pagan tale.

The medium chosen is blank verse; but the verse, being written under the immediate influence of old Gaelic literature, has a character of its own.

"It is sufficient to say—and we say it with a full sense of the high claim we make for her work—that Mrs. Hutton has given us in English an epic poem. . . . It raises the author at once to a very high place among her contemporaries, both as a scholar and a poet."—*The Irish Times*.

"If I were writing a book about my favourite works, I would certainly include among them *The Táin*. . . . One of the most wonderful stories in the world outside the legends of the Greeks. . . . Let everyone who loves beauty and heroism and the really great things in literature obtain it and rejoice."—*Black and White*.



What is the Use of Reviving Irish?

By DERMOT CHENEVIN TRENCH.

Ct. 8vo. Post 120s. 3d. net.

"This pamphlet is a straw in the wind. It shows how strongly the breeze is blowing in the direction of the new Ireland, and is all the more significant when we recall the fact that the writer is a descendant of the great Archbishop who gave us 'The Study of Words' . . . We advise our readers to purchase it."

—*an* *COMMUNAL*.

"Designed for the use of two classes of people—for the Gaelic Leaguer who is deficient in argument, and for the Irishman who does not understand the significance of the language movement. Mr. Trench shows that the Gaelic League is founded on the bed-rock of self-reliance. In half a dozen chapters he discusses the language movement from 'Its Moral Value,' 'Its Intellectual Value,' 'Its Social Value,' 'Its Economic Value,' and 'Its Psychological Value.' The case for the Irish language is admirably put by Mr. Trench, and it is to be hoped that his pamphlet will be widely read by both the classes for whom it was intended."

—*an* *FIN*.

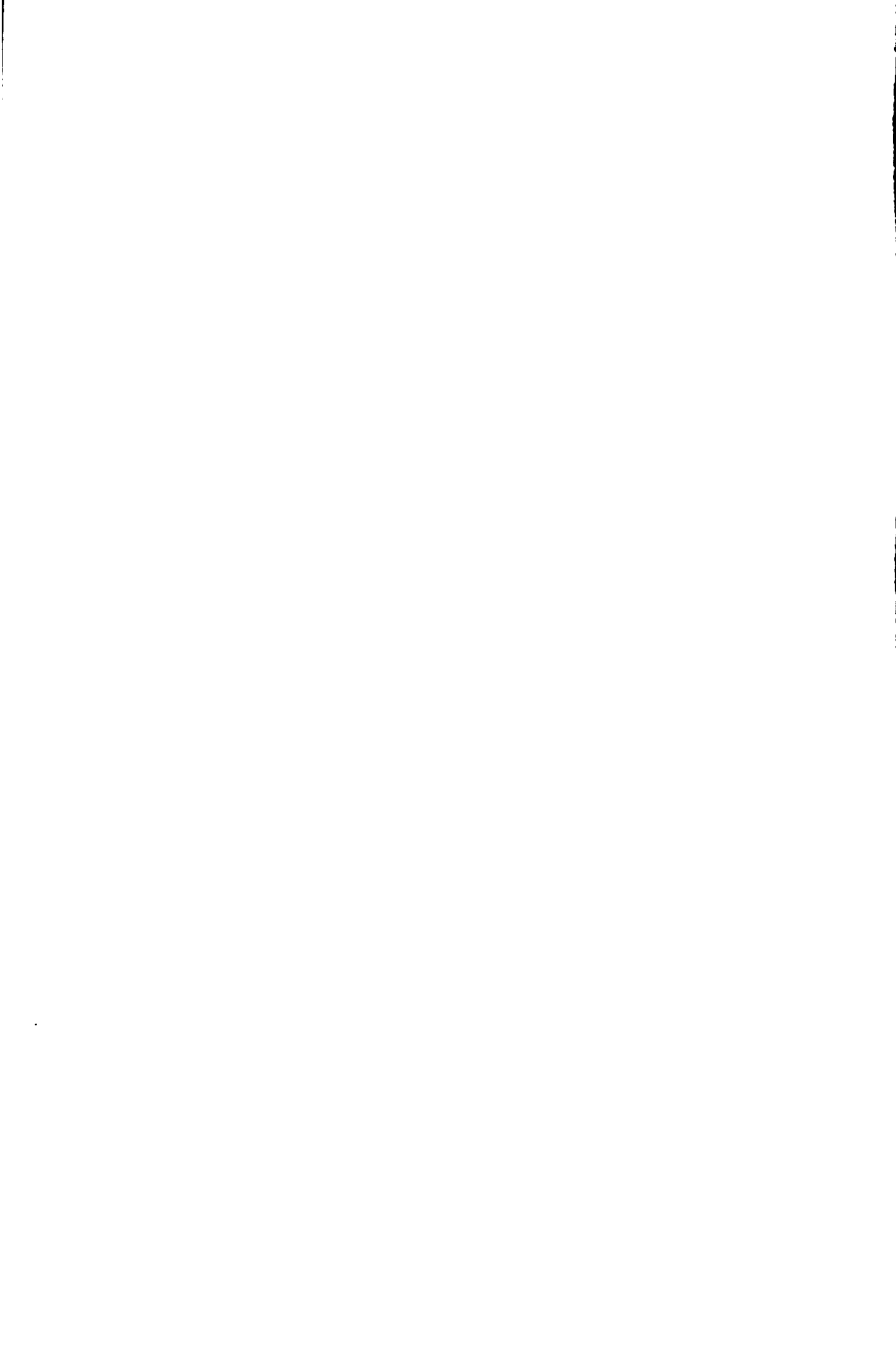
"The revival of the language has effects far outside the mere educational value involved in the acquisition of an extra tongue. It awakens the whole dormant energies of the mind, and leads directly to the revival of industry, to an increased sobriety, and in an intelligent interest in larger things. It is a window into a new world, and has proved itself to be such to a great number of enthusiasts, who began merely by a patriotic desire to cultivate their own expiring language. As Mr. Trench says: 'If you give the Irishman back his language, you give back the use of his mind, which has become atrophied by severance from his racial tradition.'—*Literary World*."

"At this moment England is using her utmost simplicity to suppress nationalism in three subject countries. Of these Ireland is nearest, and therefore most hated. Everything Ireland demands is given except the one thing she really desires. . . . Messrs. Maunsell & Co., of Dublin, are doing splendid work, therefore, in endeavouring to educate, not only Ireland, but England, to the meaning of the National movement. Mr. Trench makes out a strong case."—*The New Age*.

"Mr. Trench's paper is a thoughtful and eloquent plea for the revival of Gaelic."—*The Aberdeen Free Press*.

NEW IRISH PLAY.

an *Colom* Drama 3 *Shiom*, *Pádraic Mac Colm*
ne *Shíobh*, " *Uenna* " *n'áirce* 6d. net.



THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

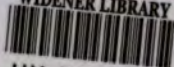
CANCELLED

FEB 12 1986

FEB 10 1986 3

returne

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX VB9D S